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SINGING THE SUMMER SONG.

BY MATTIE DYER BRITTS.

Swing the lily-bells!
Ring the lily-bells!
Chime them clear, with a fairy strain!
Blow every blossom horn,
Blow to the merry morn,
News that the Summer has come again!

Brilliant-robed tulip, As you the dew sip,
Send up a song from your gay, bright throat.
Shy, loving violet,
With your blue eye wet,
Add to the anthem your soft, sweet note.

Fair, white roses,
Rare, bright roses,
Fling to the air all your incense sweet!
Crowned Queens of Beauty,
Love is but duty,
Summer and roses together we greet.

Gay, gold buttercups,
Braye, bold buttercups,
Stars in the greenwood, far and near,
Shine out merrily,
Brightly and cheerily,
Gay, gold buttercups, Summer is here!

Sweet, fair daisies,
Sunny-haired daisies,
Nestling low in the grass at our feet,
Join in the chorus,
Swelling before us,
Singing the summer song, glad and sweet!

Wild Will,

THE MAD RANCHERO;

THE TERRIBLE TEXANS.

A Romance of Kit Carson, Jr., and Big

was answered by the nooting of owis as his warriors sprung upon their mustangs, and urged
them up around him.

Bear Claw gave a deep grunt of anger as he
saw how his followers had been reduced by the
deadly fire-arms of the Rangers.

"Do the white dogs with fast-shooting guns
follow our trail?" demanded the chief, anxiously.

"Do they know the Rose of the Medina rides in
the arms of Rear Claw? Where arms beyond the arms of Bear Claw? Where are my braves?

I see not many. Speak, Red Fox."

The Indian Bear Claw addressed rode close up

The Indian Bear Claw addressed rode close up to him, before replying.

"The white dogs weep over dead squaws—not stop long—heap mad—Eagle Eye Carson on trail soon—want squaw—no find Red Rose—know Bear Claw got him—the Red Rose—got with heap blood—Red Fox has spoken."

"Did the Red Fox see the Eagle Eye Carson? Will the young white chief follow the trail of Bear Claw?"

"Red Fox see—Eagle Eye will come—fast—

Bear Claw?"

"Red Fox see—Eagle Eye will come—fast-shooting guns," answered the warrior.

"Come, warriors of the Pecos," cried Bear Claw, authoritatively, "the white dogs will find a long, blind trail; the Eagle Eye's squaw will sweep the lodge of an Apache chief."

Bear Claw swuog his quirt about the hams of his mustang, who, with a wild snort, bounded away through the darkness up the Medina river, followed by the remainder of his war-party, who urged their animals to their greatest speed.

On, on, they went, like fiends let loose from Hades, through the dark shadows of the oaks.
On, on, hour after hour, until the break of day, when they dashed down the banks of the Medina, and into the cool waters, allowing their dina, and into the cool waters, allowing their mustangs to drink; they themselves throwing the water with their hands up into their parched mouths, as only an Indian can.

Poor Mary was still unconscious, and it was evident the chief wished her to remain so, or he would have revived her with the refreshing

waters of the stream They stopped but a moment, then scrambled up the steep bank to the other side, and galloped through the bottom timber out on the open prairie beyon!

e beyond. Here, at a command from Bear Claw, a warrior sprung from his mustang, gathered some twigs and dry grass, struck a fire with flint and steel, and then with water from a gourd, so sprinkled it, that a column of white smoke arose, and all watched intently for an answer to this

prairie telegram."
They had not long to wait, for another colum of smoke soon appeared, some three miles up the river, and the Indians again started in a fast lope to ward the point from which the signal

It took but a short time, at the headlong pace which they rode, to gain this point, and they were soon riding into the camp of another war-party of their tribe, consisting of some fifty braves, who looked in wonder and amazement at the small number of warriors which made up

the party of Bear Claw.

The latter passed the still insensible form of Mary to one of the Indians, who placed her on the ground beneath a small shelter made of



words from the Indian chief. Bear Claw sat a moment like a statue, his eagle-feathers mingling with the Spanish moss which hung from the limbs above him.

He bent his head toward the scene of the massacre, and as there came a rush of many dark forms beneath the trees, the prolonged yelp of the black-wolf issued from his lips, which was answered by the hooting of owls as his warriors sprung upon their mustangs, and urged strange chief, "and is welcome to the fire and venison of Black Wolf. Where are the braves upon of Black Wolf. Where are the braves upon of Black Wolf. Where are the braves the pale-face dogs sent them on the dark trail?" "My braves are taking the big sleep," answered Bear Claw, "but they took many scalps. Eagle Eye Carson has many braves—shoot fast, their guns never empty—my warriors were making torture-fire—they fell like old leaves before the north wind; the bullets of the Rangers fly like the ice-hail among the the Rangers fly like the ice-hail among the

Sioux."
"How many braves has the Eagle Eye?"
asked Black Wolf. "Will he follow the trail of

Bear Claw?"

"The smoke of the white dog's lodge blinded Bear Claw—he cannot tell—he will come—Bear Claw has stolen his squaw. Look!" said the chief, pointing to the wicky-up. "The Rose of the Medina—her spirit is in the land of dreams—she is as a fawn—Bear Claw will take her to his lodge beyond the big plain."

A look of surprise and admiration spread over

A look of surprise and admiration spread over the features of Black Wolf, as he gazed upon the form of Mary, who seemed, even in her un-conscious state, to be aware of the savage scrutiny; she writhed, moaned, opened her pale lips and bloodshot eyes, looking up in terror at the painted demons before her.

painted demons before her.

The sight of them brought all the dread horrors of the night previous back to her mind; a long wail of anguish burst from her lips, and her face became of a more deathly hue, as she a lost consciousness. ack Wolf turned to Bear Claw, and ad-

dressed him:

"Bear Claw's squaw fair as prairie flower—
look much sick—she will die before she see big
plain—got good scalp for Bear Claw's shield."

"The Rose of the Medina will not die," said
Bear Claw; "she will bring wood—she will cook
venison for Bear Claw," and he stepped to the
fire, took from the coals a large steak, shook
the ashes from it, and carried it to his captive.
Releasing her hands from behind, he tied them
loosely in front, as she recovered her senses, so
she could eat; he then placed the meat, together
with some parched corn, upon a wooden platter,
and set the same before Mary.

She gazed at him with a look of horror, and
shrunk back into the further corner of the shelter.

ter.
"Why does the Rose fear the Comanche chief?" asked Bear Claw. "He will keep her path free of danger—the north wind shall not blow upon her—she will be the queen in the village—sorrow shall not come to her lodge—the sun shall always shine upon the flowers where each tread."

A mingled look of terror and great fear from

Mary was his only answer. Black Wolf stood with folded arms in front of the wicky-up, and it was plain to see that he took more than common interest in the captive maiden, but he wheeled about, and walked to the central portion of the camp, as if he feared his brother chief would discover his weakness.

The camp was situated in an opening of about a acre in extent, quite clear from trees or rush. When Black Wolf had reached the central trees are the control of the central trees are the control of the central trees are trees as the control of the central trees are trees as the control of the central trees are trees as the control of the central trees are trees as the control of trees are trees as the control of the central trees are trees are trees as the control of the central trees are trees are trees as the central trees are tr

brush. When Black Wolf had reached the center of the encampment, he gave a signal which brought his braves from all quarters around him, and then he addressed them:

"Black Wolf is glad—his warriors have taken many scalps from the white-skins—their mustangs will make a wide trail. Black Wolf is sad—the scalps of Bear Claw's braves hang at the belts of the warriors of the Eagle Eye Carson. He a great chief—he will come for his

White Horse and his braves had not proceeded far when a noble buck crossed their path, and following it they were led a long chase over the river; this caused a delay in their arrival at the ford that was favorable to those who were anxiously searching for the captive maiden.

THE TONKAWAY'S MISSION.

KIT and his companions galloped steadily all the night without exchanging a dozen words; the Indian was in the lead; and Tom remarked, as they reached the ford about half an hour after the party of Bear Claw had crossed, that, "He'd bet his interest in the Mexican Republic that Kit had not held his tongue so long afore

They soon saw by the fresh trail down the bank to the ford that the Tonkaway had been correct in his surmises in regard to the route taken by the Comanches.

taken by the Comanches.
Stopping a moment to water their mustangs, holding their Sharp's rifles ready for instant use, they then rode up the opposite bank; here Raven turned his horse toward Kit, saying:
"Eagle Eye stop here with braves—Raven see where Comanche gone—what do—no gone lone."

The Tonkaway waited for no word of instructions, but sprung from his horse, passed the bridle-rein to Kit, and went with long swinging strides over the trail of the war-party, and was

lost to view in the bottom timber. "Tell yer what it are, Joe," exclaimed Tom Clark, thoughtfully, "I reckon Kit are goin' mad; he's strange; ain't like he used ter was; and his not slinging his gab seems awful peculiar. Why, Buffler Bill alwis introjuced him as Professor Talker, of Talkerville!"

"Don't you bother him, Tom." warned Joe, earnestly; "he has that upon his mind which keeps him quiet: we'll have hard work keeping

him from doing something rash."
"I'm afraid so. I kind a-feel a choking myself when I thinks of poor Will at that are grave in the post-oaks."
"I wish I could send word to Martha Wells in
San Antonio," exclaimed Joe, "for God only
knows how this trail will end."

"Boys," interrupted Kit, in a mournful tone of voice, "the reason you see me so silent is, that I'm thinking of Mary, and I feel confident

Bear Claw has backers near. If we could only overtake him before he joins them!"

"You are about right, Kit," answered Tom, quickly. "I've bin thinkin' all the time 'bout same thing. Wait will Tonk comes in. Here he is now! He's a red what one can tie fast to, every time."

In the regular Indian lope, Raven came up the trail, saying warningly as he got near:

"Come—much open here—sharp eyes on river—come, thick brush up river—Raven got heap talk for white warriors" The Rangers followed the Indian into one of the thickets which bordered the river above the ford, and all dismounted, seating themselves on

the sward, secure from observation, holding the

Burleson that there's game up this way for Kit!" exclaimed Tom, "when I slip a trail

on a pard yer can jist set me down fur a Greaser. I hope I'm half white, and Joe is b'ilin' over at ye; the idea of our lettin' yer play on a pard yer can just set me down fur a Greaser. I hope I'm half white, and Joe is b'ilin' over at ye; the idea of our lettin' yer play a lone hand! We'll stick!"

"You are right, Tom," added Joe, in a tone which showed that his feelings had been hurt by what Kit had said; "I never was known to deserta friend, and it's late in the day for me to be in the cort of a convex set. I had the

begin that sort of a game, even if I had the desire. If I had been on the back-out it would have showed up before. Now, I'll tell you what I think. I have a plan in my mind that will put us all in a better fix for the hot work

ahead."
"Go ahead! Give it to us," ordered Kit.
"Here it is, then, boys: Let Raven ride as fast as his nag can take him to San Antonio, and get Jack Hodge, Clown, and as many of the boys as he can, who are spoiling for a fight; they will come, you can bet high on that, and a half a dozen of us, armed as we are, will be able to make a rush into the camp of the reds, and get Mary before they know what we are after. Raven can also leave word for Burleson, and

Raven can also leave word for Burleson, and some of the boys will carry the news to him about the raid; and when he knows about it he will come if fifty northers were blowing. Here, Raven; all you have to do is to give this silver star to Jack Hodge, and he's on the trail at once you het! He owes me a life and he won't once, you bet! He owes me a life, and he won't back, no matter what's ahead. And you go and see Martha Wells; you know where she lives, by the little church: tell her I'm off on a long trail, and am as happy as a hog in a

"Has yer got through, Joe?" demanded Tom, for I reckon you and Kit has traded tongues, y the way yer run on; but I likes yer talk. It ust suits me. What yer think about this new ay out, Kit?"

lay out, Kit?"

"I think it is a good plan," answered Kit,
"for with a few more boys we can make it hot
for the Indians, no matter how many there are
of them. But how do you know, Raven, where
they are camped, and how many there are?"

"Turkey buzzards tell Raven where camp—
fly over camp—wait Injun go—then pick bones
—know heap warrior or no camp near ranches
—white braves stop here—Raven go see."
Before the Rangers could say a word, the
Tonkaway had disappeared in the underbrush
up the river.

up the river.
"Waal," exclaimed Tom, in surprise, ist be chawed into hash by an alligator if that red don't beat every deal; yer can't help from ikin' the cuss fur he ain't afeared of nothin'. Now, ten to one, if I crawled up ter that Cunanche camp I'd lose my sculp. Joe, I've got

manche camp I'd lose my sculp. Joe, I've got a bottle of p'non whisk' in my saddle-bags that'll kill as fur as yer can shoot."

Tom produce I the bottle, and passed it to Joe, who, after taking a drink, returned it.

"Here's hopin' that we'll git Mary outer this scrape!" said Tom, gazing with satisfaction at the bottle, "and spile a few Comanches fur futer fetting!"

"Well, me noble duke, I'm penning a few rose-tinted lines of fairy language to the lady of me heart, for that noble red-man to take to San Antonio. He's not a carrier-dove, I know, but necessity gives me no choice."

"Good fur yer, Joe!" exclaimed Tom, approvingly; "Martha Wells is a noble gal, an'so's the red, too. Martha's got true Texas grit, an' I don't blame yer fur bein'soft on her. Tell her yer sittin' on a bank of roses an' writin' with a moonbeam. Kit, bet yer a slug I can streak her through that Comanche camp on ther lone, shoot, half a dozen reds, and not git skin.

her through that Comanche camp on ther lope, shoot half a dozen reds, and not git skin broke!"

"Don't, for mercy sake, talk that way," responded Kit, anxiously. "I'm sorry you drank that whisky."

"Bosh!" returned Tom, bluntly; "that whisk has nothin' ter do with it. I can't lay still long; I hanker fur sculps when they are so danged near, an' I'm spoilin' to twist my fingers in Comanche hair. I tell you what, boys, I'm a-goin' ter take a smoke ter pass time."

Tom lit his pipe and lay back on the bank to enjoy it, while Joe wrote his note to Martha, and Kit, with his hat pulled over his eyes, lay listening impatiently for some sound which would indicate the return of Raven.

It was an hour before the latter glided in among them, and showed, by his heavy breathing, that he had run fast and long. At last he broke the silence:

"Raven say right—big camp—many warriors."

broke the silence:

"Raven say right—big camp—many warriors—see Mary—she tie up in blanket wigwam—look much sick—cry heap—Raven heart beat hard for Eagle Eye squaw—two big chiefs in camp, Bear Claw, Black Wolff—Raven go quick San Antonio—must have more white warriors—ride fast—be there when dark comes—Eagle Eye stay here—no go Comanche camp—lose scalp—Raven come—then heap fight may-be-so—cood-by."

-good-by."
Raven at once sprung on his mustang.
"Hold, Raven!" exclaimed Joe; "here, take
this paper to Martha Wells; also find Jack and
give him this star, sure."
"The star of the prints grasped the bridle-rein

CHAPTER VI

THE TONKAWAY'S GREAT RIDE.

THE TONKAWAY, his head bent forward, his mustang urged on in a wild gallop by the torturing quirt continually applied to his hams, kept on the same trail down the bank of the Meding river that he passed area with Vite. dina river that he passed over with Kit and

the other Rangers the previous night.

He was within a mile of the scene of the massacre when loud shouts and oaths in the Spanish tongue reached his ears from the prairie to the south, beyond the bottom timber, beneath the shade of which he was riding. Raven immediately turned his horse in that

direction, and soon the border of the woods permitted him to gain a view through the

permitted him to gain a view through the branches of the prairie.

Here a sight met his gaze which made him wish Kit and the boys were with him.

A score of Mexican bandits were collecting the cattle and florses of Will Halliday, and the bravado they showed in approaching so near to San Antonio satisfied Raven that they belonged to the hord of that noted outlaw. Juan Core

to the band of that noted outlaw, Juan Cor

tina.

The Tonkaway was sure, at a glance, that in twenty-four hours' time all that remained of Will Halliday's property would be far away toward the Rio Grande.

He paused but an instant to take in the situation of things, knowing that he was powerless to prevent the wholesale robbery, and mutter-

"Poor Will—much heap trouble," he once more bounded down the river toward the ruined ranch, where, after a few minutes of hard riding, he arrived.
Raven casta hurried glance toward the grave;
Will still sat in the same position, gazing down
at his dead, and there was the same insane mad-

ness in his eyes that all Indians respect, as well as dread, and the Tonkaway gave Will a wide

Raven slackened the speed of his mustang among the dead Comanches, and springing from the animal he secured a many-colored Mexican blanket, or serape, and a little further on, the hat of Will, which had been left behind by the Indians; the latter he adjusted upon his head, after removing his head-dress of eagle feathers, and the former he wrapped about him, saying to himself.

"Raven meet pale-face—think Raven Co-anche—shoot Raven—have hat—have blanket no shoot;" and thus changed in appearance,

he once more galloped on down the river.

He was then twelve miles from San Antonio.
On, on galloped the faithful Tonkaway through
the live-oaks, his eyes glancing suspiciously upon sun sunk toward the west, leaving the

timber in a twilight gloom.

Passing the Mexican haciendas, on the high bank of the river, just on the side of the Pleasanton trail, Raven went plunging down into the ford, allowing his mustang but a moment to take a swallow, which he greatly needed, well knowing he must not allow him to drink too much. He then urged his horse out of the cool

zon, as the exhausted and broken-down horse fell to the earth, just upon the borders of the opening in which stood the old Mission of St. Conception.

Reven drunk—maybe he 'fraid cayotee—fight himself—take own scalp."

Ha! ha! ha! laughed Jack, "that's ther best temperance leaving I'm laughed."

Now she did not see what such times.

Raven quickly unbuckled bridle and saddle, taking them into one of the old cells, used formerly by the priests, but now occupied by thou-

In another moment the Tonkaway was in the In another moment the Tonkaway was in the long strides peculiar to his people, fast making his way through the chaparral, and in less than an hour he arrived in the vicinity of Madam Condleno's fandango-house, which was just one mile from the Main Plaza of San Antonio.

It had now been dark some time, and the Indian's sharp ears detected the sound of music long before he reached the celebrated dancing-house.

His thoughts were upon how he should find

As Raven came close up to the house, the noise inside became deafening; curses both in Spanish and English were intermingling, and

ese were soon followed by a volley of re-

Yells of agony, fear, and death blended together strangely, with loud and exultant shouts of Texans; and then a score of Mexicans rushed out of the door, and scattered through the thick chaparral, with which the house was surrounded.
Half a dozen Texans sprung outside and sent several balls whizzing into the brush after the

Raven glided behind one corner of the building, and waited for the excitement to abate, muttering to himself:

"Raven heap more safe—he Tonkaway—throw hat—throw blanket—put on eagle-feather—Raven no Greaser dog—git shoot."

er—Raven no Greaser dog—git shoot."

The Tonkaway once more stood in his own true character, and was made happy by recognizing the voices of Jack and Clown among the Texans, as they returned to the house, laughing over the retreat of the cowardly Greasers.

The Indian walked around the corner, and in an instant stood in the center of the dirt floor, his hands extended, palms outward, toward the Texans, his scalping-knife at his feet, the blade sticking in the earth.

Quickly as Raven had executed this maneu-

Texans, his scalping knife at his feet, the blade sticking in the earth.

Quickly as Raven had executed this maneuver, he was not so quick but several deadly tubes were leveled at him; but a warning cry from Jack Hodge caused them to drop.

Jack sprung toward the Indian, grasped both extended palms, and gave them a wring that showed his regard for the Tonkaway, had not welcome beamed from his round red face.

"Boys!" exclaimed Jack, earnestly, turning to the other Texans, "any man what harms this red has got me to clean out arterwards; he's white, no mistake! Clown! don't yer know ther Tonk? Yer gittin' blind?"

The person addressed came toward the Indian, rubbing his eyes, saying: "Them doggone candles kinder blur a feller's peepers arter cumin' in from ther dark. Wal, I'll jist be chawed up an' spit out by a Colorado cat-fish if it ain't Raven! In ther name of Crockett, whar yer cum from, black-bird?" and Clown gave the Indian a hearty shake of the hand.

The two persons who have now entered on the scene deserve more than a passing notice.

Jack Hodge, so long known in Texas as a stage-driver, Indian and Mexican-fighter, and at one time a city marshal of San Antonio, was a short, thick-set man, who always had a pleasant greeting for every one, and a happy and

a short, thick-set man, who always had a pleasant greeting for every one, and a happy and contented smile beamed continually on his face. In whatever society he found himself he was sure to use more or less stage and stable slang; but he was quick on the trigger and a sure shot.

Clown was about the same build, although Clown was about the same build, although not so stout; and having been shot once almost to pieces by the Indians, was not exactly straight in his upper works. He was a notorious character for many years in Texas, having fought alone on the Pecos river fifteen Apache Indians, killing nine and driving away the remainder; his limbs were somewhat crippled by wounds, and he was an inseparable pard of Jack Hodge.

wounds, and he was an inseparable pard of Jack Hodge.

As Clown grasped the hand of Raven and inquired, in his peculiar way, the news, Jack burst out, impetuously:

"I'll bet my mustang ag'in' two bits that ther cuss has news as black as ther bird he's named arter. I called one of my crack leaders, on the best team I ever yanked ribbons over, 'Raven,' an' ther cuss was alwis takin' ther bit atween his teeth an' tryin' to break the coach."

The Indian slipped his hand into his pouch, and took out the silver star, and passed it to Jack, and a crowd of senoritas, who had been dancing before the row, now gathered around.

"That star," said Jack, in a confident tone, "is from Reckless Joe, an' means I'm wanted, and I reckon you, too, Clown, you need not think I'd sling myself on a trail without you. Spit it out, Tonk; what's up? Jist had a scrimmage with them Greasers. Thar's four on 'em in the corner thar, what's stalled; yer can sculp 'em, Tonk, ef yer hard up fur hair. The yaller-skinned pepper-eaters thought they'd boss this fandang', but they slipped up on it, yer bet, an' won't shake a foot ag'in without it's over a hot fire."

"Raven no time for scalp," exclaimed the In-

Raven no time for scalp," exclaimed the Indian, showing a shade of impatience. "Come, Jack—come, Clown—Raven got heap talk—chaparral close by—have council—must see Joe squaw-no time-come

The Tonkaway led the way out of the door into the darkness, followed by Jack and Clown, leaving the other Texans and Mexican girls gaz-

ing at each other in silent wonderment.

But this did not last long; the dead Greasers were thrown out into the brush, and the sound of music and dancing rung out once more, as if nothing had happened to mar the enjoyment of

The Tonkaway and Texans went but a short distance into the chaparral, then seated them-selves closely to each other, upon the grass in the thick brush and thicker darkness, where the

the thick brush and thicker darkness, where the Indian addressed the two whites:

"Comanche thick on Medina—burn Will Halliday's ranch—burn Cotton's ranch—kill pappoose—kill old squaw—kill heap more—Mary, Kit's squaw—Comanche got her—tie up—Bear Claw take her to lodge—Will know nothing—do nothing—Kit, Joe, Raven, Tom on trail—Bear Claw find Black Wolf—heap big war-party—Kit, Joe, Tom close by—watch Comanche—Raven come want help—Raven want horse—want see Joe squaw—Jack go—Clown go—more Texans go—get Mary—what say? Jack speak!—Raven ear open—Raven done."

"Where did you leave the boys and when?" questioned Jack, in surprise.

"Raven start when sun up there," pointing his arm in a direction to indicate four hours

his arm in a direction to indicate four hours above the horizon. "They at ford—haf day ride—near Will ranch—ride to sunset—Mexi-

can steal Will horse, cattle-drive to Bravo "Waal!" exclaimed Jack, in aston never war hauled up by quite so sudden a jerk afore. Come, it won't do ter sit here. We'll go to Sappington's stable for our nags, at same time get one for you, Raven. Clown, yer in, ain't you, old boy? Fun ahead mixed with hard ridin' an' close feed. We'll try an' git sum

other boys ter go."

The three walked quickly toward the road which led into San Antonio, as Clown an-

swered: "Go! you better bet I'm in every time, Jack, when you are; nothin' can part us until one or t'other passes in ther checks. I hain't got no good-byes to sling, so that won't hinder me; nobody cares for me but you."

"Thar's whar yer dangly fooled, Clown," re-turned Jack. "Many a man owes yer thar friendship; yer war alwis ready tew hitch up fur a long run, no matter how fur it war at ween stations, fur anybody what were in trouble. I keep thinkin' about the boys. Here we are on

Raven drunk—maybe he 'fraid cayotee—fight himself—take own scalp."

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Jack, "that's ther best temperance lecture I've heard fur a month of Sundays. Yer head's level, Tonk, every time; yer got more sense than half the white men. Here we are at Sap's; Clown, yer run down ter the widow Wells's with Raven, an' stick Joe's letter under ther door. If yer go in the wimmin will keep yer slinging tongue. I'll hev the hosses ready."

ready."

Clown and the Tonkaway glided down the

Clown and the Tonkaway glided down the dark street, turned to the right, and soon came to the cottage where Martha Wells, the sweetheart of Reckless Joe, lived.

He noiselessly slipped the letter under the door, and upon getting back to the stable found Jack with two horses equipped for the road, and holding another by a lariat for the Indian, unsaddled—for he was to get his saddle and bridle at the Mission as they passed it.

at the Mission, as they passed it.

Raven drew the rope, with a twist, around the under jaw of the animal, sprung upon his bare back, and all three, in an easy lope, rode through the almost deserted streets.

Jack stopped a moment at Jack Calle's barroom to procure a bottle of whisky and to room, to procure a bottle of whisky, and to tell the bar-keeper the news in regard to the raid, leaving word with him to inform others, who would be eager to join in the pursuit of the Indians.

Bounding once more on his horse, which the Tonkaway had held, all three went like the wind out of the city and through the mesquite

As they came to the fandango-house Raven

said:

"Raven catch you quick," and sheered his horse off the trail into the chaparral.

Jack and Clown did not slacken their pace, knowing the Indian would keep his word.

"I'll bet my sombrero ag'in' a shuck ciggarett that ther Tonk's gone fur them dead Greasers' scelps."

scalps."

Jack was correct; the Indian seemed by instinct to know where the Mexicans were that had been shot in the row, and soon tore their scalps off, regained the blanket and hat he had left behind, and also a revolver and knife from one of the bodies. This occupied him but a mo nent, and he overtook his two friends as they leared the Mission.

Here Raven sprung from his horse, found his saddle and bridle by groping about the ruin, and in an instant was equipped again for the

Jack and Clown were each armed with Sharp's rifles and those death-dealing weapons—the Colt's revolver; the Indian acting as guide, they dashed away to the aid of Kit Carson, Jr., and

(To be continued—commenced in No. 436.)

TWILIGHT REFLECTIONS.

BY WILLIAM BRADSHAW

And life? What is the thing call'd life? Can this be naught beside a "jest?" Some say it is an "earthly strife," While some "the road to lasting rest."

A "burden" thousands deem the thing;
"Pure vanity," it seems to more;
For mortals scarcely taste its spring
Ere they arrive at Lethe's sbore.

Yet, unto all, their lives appear The best possessions they possess, And whether high or lowly sphere Be theirs, they do not love them less

Poor playthings of capricious fate, Thrown here and there, like babies' toys, Cannot perceive their restless state, While youth delights in youthful joys.

But as the rolling years advance, Desire of life deserts the soul, Which, gradually, inclines to glance Toward the all-absorbing goal.

Oh, yes! The weary and distress'd, So oft awaken'd from repose, Expect a place where they may rest, And where their lids can ne'er unclose

And as they look behind them, then, If they perceive they acted well
The part they played with other men,
The peace they feel no tongue may tell

Elegant Egbert;

THE GLOVED HAND. A MISSISSIPPI RIVER ROMANCE.

BY PHILIP S. WARN

CHAPTER XI.

A STRANGE WOOING.
ADELE STANHOPE left her brother's presence in a very puzzled frame of mind. From his own lips she had the assurance (and his manner had confirmed it) that he had some cause of distress other than pain at the prospect of sharing her love with another.

And perhaps here is as good a place as any to tell what Adele knew of her brother and of

is secret sorrow.

Her memory of him dated back to her seventh rear, ten years previous, when he had been sum-moned home from abroad to comfort his mother

moned home from abroad to comfort his mother in her recent widowhood.

Child as she was, Adele had been struck by the air of melancholy and cynicism which so ill-befitted a young man of twenty-five; and just at first she stood a little in awe of the brother whom she could not remember having seen, since he had left home during her babyhood. But after that meeting, when the widowed mother had hung so long on his breast, with such profuse weeping and such yearning tokens of endearment, she had lifted little Adele and

placed her in his lap, saying:
"Egbert, my son, I give her into your keep
ing. She is my most precious possession. I
need not ask you to love her when I have followed her father, as I feel that I shall do before long. Adele, you must love your brother with unremitted tenderness. If he is ever sad, you must win him back to smiles as you think l

Then Egbert had taken her chin in his hand, and raised her sweet child-face, and gazed into it with such admiration and longing, wistful love that her whole heart had gone out to him

He had always been marked by the same scrupulous elegance of attire. As intimate as were their relations, she had never seen him without gloves. At table they were white kid; at other times of a color suitable to the occa-

Even at his mother's death-bed Adele remem bered that they had not been removed; for the dying woman had taken his hand and laid it

between her cheek and the pillow, and so kept it until her spirit took its flight. Only once had Adele ever referred to this strange custom; and then her mother had become so agitated that the child was frightened lest her excessive grief should snap the frail tie that bound her to life. She had cautioned Adele never while she loved the memory of her mother to refer to this before Egbert; and henceforward it had remained to the girl a seal-ed mystery. Only this she knew: in some way it commended him to her tender, commisera-

of surmises she had entertained but one—that Of surmises she had entertained but one—that it was in some way connected with some woman in his past life, since, until Sibyl Cornish he had treated with a cold, distant courtesy all women except his sister, and on her he had lavished all the tenderness of his rich nature. But beyond this bare fact the surmise had nothing to rest

keep thinkin about the boys. Here we are on the Plaza. Tonk, does yer want a drink of firewater?"

"No." answered the Indian, quickly, "firewater bad on trail—bad every time—make Injun big fool—make white man fool—Raven he no drink—no 'fraid whole Comanche nation—

"Xe," have become accustomed to anything by for my hat the sorrow of his life bore heavily upon him, and she would infuse into her manifestations of affection all the yearning love that she enormity.

had seen in her mother's manner toward him at such times.

Now she did not see what could be the connection between his secret sorrow and her marriage with Felix; but she felt that it was this, and not a selfish clinging to her exclusive love, that was the occasion of his distress. However, her quick perceptions showed her that it was better to leave Felix and his sister in the impression that his strange behavior sprung from even a vulgar jealousy, than to lead them to suspect that it had any unusual and mysterious source.

She found Felix frowning with impatience

she found felix frowning with impatience, and Sibyl anxious almost to distraction, though she curbed her feelings bravely to any but a woman's penetrating scrutiny.

"Well, how did you find this—this dog in the manger, and where is he now?" asked Felix, half-jestingly, half in earnest.

His little lady-love went up to him, and put

His little lady-love went up to him, and put her finger reprovingly on his lips.

"He is in the river garden. Don't be impatient with him, you hard-hearted boy—he's not going to interfere with our happiness. But if he bade me not, do you think your selfishness would be gratified? When you owe everything to his magnanimity, how can you call him such wicked names?"

The power of her love for Felix was manifest in the lightness of tone she adopted. With the great joy of the consciousness of his love secured streaming through her soul, she could not be sad in his presence, though at the same time

cured streaming through her soul, she could not be sad in his presence, though at the same time her heart bled for her brother.

"I'm mightily grateful to him, I'm sure," replied Felix. "But I stick to it—he's worse than a Turk. Even they do not, so far as I have heard, shut up their sisters so that no one can get a peep at them. But why didn't he come in with you? Is he going to mull over it all night, out there in the moonlight?"

She stopped his lips with hers, and, instead of answering him, went over to Sibyl, took both her hands, and gazed into her white, pleading face with an intelligence that read its secret.

"Will you go out to him, dear?" she asked.

"Will you go out to him, dear?" she asked.
"Perhaps you can have influence with him, where I have failed."

She was hoping a great good to her sorrow-stricken brother, if these two could be brought together now.

"Oh! no!" cried Sibyl, shrinking back in dismay, while the rich blood streamed all over her face and neck.

"And why not, pray" asked obtain Falls

dismay, while the rich blood streamed all over her face and neck.

"And why not, pray?" asked obtuse Felix. "That's just the thing. If I wasn't laid on the shelf, I'd exercise my prerogative of host, and go out and drag him in by the scruff of the neck, and have done with his nonsense. As the duties of both host and hostess now devolve upon you, what more appropriate than that you should beg him, of his good pleasure, to deign to honor us once more with his gracious company? Tutitut! no woman's quibbles! The whole sex have a budget of objections, when they don't want to do just what they ought to do."

"Go, dear," whispered Adele. "I think he wants you now, more perhaps than he ever will again, if you do not go to him. You don't know how pained he looks. He's all alone! won't you go to him, my sister?"

Thus urged, Sibyl Cornish followed the

Thus urged, Sibyl Cornish followed the promptings of her own heart as well, and two minutes later her step aroused Egbert from his

minutes later her step aroused Egbert from his painful meditations.

Thus far she had hurried all breathlessly, not giving herself time to think; but now that she stood in his actual presence her embarrassment was overwhelming. What would he think of her? was the question that made her stand with eyes on the ground and cheeks flaming crimson. But now that she was come she must not stand there confessing her secret by her silence and confusion. Raising her eyes timidly to his face, she said:

she said:
"Mr. Stanhope, will you not come in? We are all very anxious—"
And then her leaden tongue refused to articulate another syllable, palsied by his fixed re-

He had indeed stared at her in disconcerting fashion, as if, putting aside all external dis-guises, he were reading her secret soul.

He saw her stop in helpless confusion, and cover her face with her hands. One step, and

cover her face with her hands. One step, and he clutched her wrists and tore her hands from before her face.

She looked up at him piteously, her gaze constrained by the intense magnetism of his. He was terribly beautiful at this culminating point in his life, like some demi-god, who would lift her to the skies, or hurl her to the abyss, as the chealth in the transmitter was the chealth in the country was a set the skies.

she should in that moment prove worthy or un-worthy. And she, with quivering lips and pant-ing breath, hung only on his will.

Fiercely he cried:

"Why have you come out to me? Why are

"Why have you come out to me? Why are you now pale and now red? Why do you trem Where is your pride—your self-posse Don't! don't!" she pleaded, not comprehend

rom his ing fully what prompted her own words, but manner only dimly conscious of some blow to be averted "Shall I tell you?" he cried. "It is because you love me! You know you do! See! see! you cannot deny it!"

No woman of spirit would endure such inverted wooing as that. Although her heart was at his feet, her pride was stung to the front, and spurning the weak, fluttering thing, mounted, for the time, right royally over its downfall. With the exertion of all her strength she sought to wrench her wrists from his grasp,

while she cried with blazing eyes:

"Let me go, sir!—this instant!"

"Never! Never! All the powers of hell shall not deprive me of the prize I have won!"

And with a mighty sweep of his arms, he caught her to his heart, and fell to covering her face with bisses

He held a limp and unresisting burden. She had fainted with excess of emotion.

"Shall every living thing have its mate, and I alone be demied?" he cried, aloud; and now, as ever, he seemed to apostrophize his gloved right hand. "No! no! I defy you all—all! What have I done that I should be singled out for the cup of Tantalus? I have that which will win the love of my kind. And shall I not accept it? I will! I will! Come what may I will great the I will! I will! Come what may, I will grasp the good that has fallen to my lot!"

With the unconscious girl in his arms he strode to the house and into the presence of his sister and her lover, to their not slight astonish-ment. Sibyl's cheek rested on his shoulder, and er arms were about his neck, where he had placed them; so the other two could not see that she had fainted, and thought this a rather strange way for a lady of such stately propriety

strange way for a lady of such stately propriety as Sibyl to come before them.
Excitement had brought an artificial color to Egbert's cheeks, and his eyes flashed brightly. With forced pleasantry he cried:
"Well, friend Cornish, they say that fair exchange is no robbery. If you deprive me of my sister, you will doubtless be willing to give me

"Eh? What? Sibyl?" cried the bewildered Felix. "Well, here's a situation for you! With all my heart, my dear fellow, if the lady herself is acroscoble." is agreeable."
"I have reason to believe that she is agree

Thave reason to believe that she is agreeable," said Egbert, with rather grim humor.

"Oh! I knew it! I knew it! I knew it!" cried Adele, fairly jumping up and down, and clapping her little hands. "Oh, you love!—let me just get at you!" And she rushed forward to devour with love

the woman who had crowned Egbert's life with happiness.

"Why didn't you say all this last night, like a civilized being and a Christian? Here you have been making us all uncomfortable for a contribution of the contribution of the

day to no earthly purpose, "grumbled Felix; but here he was interrupted by a cry from Adele, "Why, she has fainted!" "Yes," admitted Egbert. "Which accounts for my fetching her into the room in this

And you have been standing here talking all nis time—"
But the girl stopped in breathless maze at the hers.
"Adele!" he cried, with sudden fervor, "you

when the door closed, Adele turned to renk, appealingly.
He laughed.
"Is it possible that you are surprised at any unusual proceeding on the part of that very original gentlemen? Have you yet to learn that he is the ghost in Hamlet?"
"But Sibyl?"
"Oh

"But Sibyl?"

"Oh, don't worry about her. I never heard of a young lady dying in a faint—did you? Trust her to come round as soon as is convenient for the parties most nearly interested."

Meanwhile, Egbert had borne Sibyl into a sitting-room and laid her on a sofa, while he exerted himself to reanimate her limp form. In the first moments of returning consciousness he wanted her all to himself.

And her first waking perception was of her lover, kneeling beside her with his arms about her, and whispering into her ear words that it

tover, kneeming beside her with his arms about her, and whispering into her ear words that it gladdened her heart to hear.

Under her gentle ministrations all the soreness of Egbert's long-tried heart was allayed. For the time, at least, he was supremely happy. By Felix's suggestion nothing had been said to his mother about his suit with Adele during Echart's strange absence and as it was late. Egbert's strange absence, and as it was late when Egbert and Sibyl reached an understand-ing, he further counseled that the whole matter

ing, he further counseled that the whole matter be deferred until morning.

"If you tell her now, she will be in a pucker all night. Break the glad tidings at the breaking of morn, and she'll have the whole day in which to regain her wonted equanimity."

Mrs. Cornish received the intelligence with so ill a grace that she began by reproaching Sibyl, and then, ignoring her hypochondria, bilious attack, or what not, had herself dressed and went down to Felix's room with colors flying. But an hour's interview with her son put her through the roles of an outraged society queen, the mother of ungrateful children, etc., to be followed by hysteria, melancholy martyrdom, followed by hysteria, melancholy martyrdom, and lastly that state of dignified acquiescence which enabled her to receive Egbert's proposals for her daughter's hand and Adele's shy advances of affection with at least unruffled com-

So the course of true love bade fair to prove the rule by an exception, when the marplot entered upon the stage in the person of Long Jack.

CHAPTER XII.

CHAPTER XII.

LONG JACK'S THREAT.

In order to preserve uninterrupted the logical continuity of events, the minor threads of our narrative have been suppressed, to be now taken up when they begin to affect the pattern of the

my when they begin to ansect the pattern of the fabric.

M. Bourdoine had again encountered disappointment. The phantom of his early love still eluded him, like an ignis fatuus.

He sought his friends with the pitiful tale, fairly wallowing in the Slough of Despond; and for one whole day Sibyl and Adele were at their wits ands twing to consels him.

wits'-ends trying to console him.

Just before the arrival of the dinner-hour he wiped the tears from his eyes, shrugged his

wheel the tears from his eyes, shrugged his shoulders, and said:

"Eh bien! eet is ze Fate implacable. Vat am I zat I shall note bow to ze decree of Providence! Ze fool shall cloud ze present vis repinings of destiny immutable; ze vise man shall bask in ze passing sunshine! Parbleu! am I vone ingrate, zat I shall remain melancholique with two soche divise conscious?" And he kissed their hands in homage to their

And he kissed their hands in homage to their beauty.

At dinner he grew merry over his wine with Felix, and later he made one of the fair girls play on the piano while he danced with the other. As he was a "divine" waltzer, they were nothing loth; so that M. Bourdoine's day of despair ended with one of the pleasantest evenings they had enjoyed.

Having again set matters in train for a renewed search for "la belle Helene," M. Bourdoine's business in the city was concluded, and the day subsequent to the double betrothal saw him regularly installed at Riverside, on a visit of indefinite length to his old pupil.

His delight at the matrimonial prospects of the young people knew no bounds. He felicitated Felix; he felicitated Egbert; he felicitated Adele; he felicitated his pupil adorable. He even went with his congratulations to Mrs. Cornish, who, having been shocked out of her hypochondria, now favored the family with her company; and the wry face with which she received his eulogies of Egbert and his rhapsodies over Adele kept Felix in a constant state of internal laughter.

But over one thing Felix dropped the corners.

by ternal laughter.

But over one thing Felix dropped the corners of his mouth in dismay, while M. Bourdoine elevated his eyebrows and shoulders in astonishment. Egbert would not hear to Adele's marriage until she had turned eighteen, which was still a year distant, though he was possessed of a force in the consymmation of teverish anxiety to hasten the consummation of his own marriage with Sibyl, and had prevailed apon her to fix the day upon the first of February, an interval of only two months.

And now for the betenoire, Long Jack.

When introduced to the notice of the reader not bear the River Oveen his dress and war.

on board the River Queen his dress and man-ners were in keeping with his character of a sport."
On visiting Riverside he showed that in attire

and demeanor he understood the amenities of a gentleman as well. gentleman as well.

He catered to Mrs. Cornish's pet prejudices and vanities so skilfully that he won her from thinking "Long Jack" a "low fellow, no doubt," to esteeming Mr. John Boardman above

Egbert.

He waxed enthusiastic over "the Little Corporal" to M. Bourdoine. He praised Sibyl's skill at riding, criticised her water-colors, and showed her how to mount some of the more delicate algoe—her botanical hobby. Felix pronounced him a clever fellow because of his knowledge of wines, the turf, and sport with rod and gun, and his never pointless stories. Egbert's instinctive repugnance was conciliated gbert's instinctive repugnance was conciliated y unvaried cheerfulness, dashed with a shade

But it was to Adele that he paid an especially lelicate deference. Whether he accompanied nimself on her lute, or formed one of ther quarette at the piano, where Adele's clear soprano tette at the piano, where Adele's clear soprano blended sweetly with Sibyl's mellow alto and Egbert's bass, his fine tenor voice was always intoned to charm her senses. He had that happy faculty of making her feel that nothing that she said or did escaped him, which, while it was flattering, was so little obtrusive as to be not at all embarrassing.

As for Adele, what with her gratitude to him in particular, and her girlish faith in mankind in general, she thought him a very agreeable gentleman.

A day or two subsequent to her betrothal she accepted a seat beside him for a drive.

After chatting for half an hour, Jack's fluency of speech gradually left him, until Adele found that she was doing most of the talking. She looked at him and saw that he was cutting with the whip at a fly on the horse's flank and looking very abstracted.

"What is the matter, Mr. Boardman?" she asked. "You don't seem to be enjoying the drive at all. Here I have been calling your attention to that cloud, and I don't believe you have heard a word I have said."

"Excuse me! Yes, it is very fantastic," he said. Then resuing his convention with the

hardise me! Yes, it is very fantastic," he said. Then, resuming his occupation with the whip, he went on:

"Miss Stanhope, I have brought you out to-day, having something particular to say to you. You must have noticed my preference for your society. I owe to you the happiest moments of my life, and I have sometimes dared to hope that you were glad to have me come to River

But here he was interrupted. "Mr. Boardman!—please!" she cried, in evident distress, laying her hand on his arm.

He dropped the whip with which he was toying, and instantly put his hand down upon

"Stay where you are, Adele. I think that I can take care of her," said Egbert, and without further words marched out of the room as he had come.

When the door closed, Adele turned to Felix, appealingly.

He laughed.

He laughed.

He is the sun of my existence. I love you so that with you hell has no terrors, and without you heaven has no charm! My darling, I know what is trembling on your lips—I can see it in your eyes. I have been too precipitate. Don't answer me now. Forget what I have said. Give me time to show you what I can do to

Give me time to show you what I can do to make you happy."

The pain in the man's face was unmistakable, and his eyes were full of dread.

The girl was so moved that she took his trembling hand between both of hers, and said, with starting tears: "Oh, my dear friend! you must not think me a coquette. I did not foresee this—indeed I did not. Thave found pleasure in your companionship, but not such as you wish. And you must accept my answer now as final. It will save us both pain."

"Stop! stop!" he pleaded. "I want to tell you something. When you first saw me I was a professional gambler, and I have done worse things than that. I do not pretend that there is any excuse for wickedness, but there may be extenuating circumstances; and what a man is

is any excuse for wickedness, but there may be extenuating circumstances; and what a man is depends as often upon his surroundings as upon his natural inclinations.

"I began life as innocently as any one. I was enthusiastic on the side of principle, and believed in the goodness of people. But I was deceived again and again, until I learned to distrust everybody. It was an easy step to hate, and then to disregard the rights of others.

"But, Adele, when we were alone in the water togther I loved you, and my whole life underwent a revolution—"

water togther I loved you, and my whole life underwent a revolution—"

"Ah! after all that I owe you, to think that I should cause you such pain!" sighed the girl.

"Don't!" he said. "I did not mean to remind you of that. I only wish to show that you gave me a new incentive to good. To be worthy of your love I resolved to lead a life the antipodes of that I had been leading. And as an earnest of my sincerity, I have engaged in a legitimate business in Memphis.

"Adele, don't thrust me back into my old life, with this disappointment added to all its bitterness. You can save me. Is not the power

bitterness. You can save me. Is not the power in some degree indicative of the duty? Will you put it aside lightly?"

"But tasde lightly?"
"But you need not let this turn you back from right—"
"I care nothing for right in the abstract. I know that I could not make you happy without a certain degree of goodness. I only desire it as a means to that end."
"I am pained to hear you speak so "said the

I am pained to hear you speak so," said the girl, gravely.
"But you can make all right. Give me your

The girl shook her head. "It is impossible!"
"At least give me time to try to change your

decision."
"It is useless. While I regard you with sincere friendship, I have not and never can have a spark of love for you."
The man gazed into her face a moment, and then his head sunk upon his breast, while a gloomy frown contracted his brows.

For parkage ten miguates he neither moved

For perhaps ten minutes he neither moved for spoke.

Then Adele ventured timidly:

'Had not we better turn back. Mr. Board-"One moment, if you please," he replied.
"Would you consider it impertinent if I were to ask whether you have bestowed your affections elsewhere?"

ions elsewhere?"
She was not angry or annoyed. She pitied him from the depths of her tender heart.
"Would it do any good to answer that question?" she asked, gently.
"It would influence my future course of action," he replied, moodily.
She thought a moment, and then answered:
"Yes I have."

"Yes, I have."

"Ah!" he exclaimed, quickly. "Then you are already engaged? Otherwise you would not answer me so frankly."

"I am."

"And to Felix Cornish?"
"Yes."

A quiet dignity had crept into her manner. A quiet dignity had crept into her manner. He was urging her too hard.
Again he was silent. His pale lips gradually became rigid with determination.
"Miss Stanhope," he began again, "you love your brother?"
"Well?" wonderingly.
"You would do much to secure his happiness?"
"Certainly."

"Certainly."
"Or to prevent an overwhelming calamity

from falling upon him?"

"What do you mean?" asked the girl, a vague terror coming into her eyes.

"Have patience a moment. He has not led a very happy life?"

"Every one has sorrows. I suppose."

Every one has sorrows, I suppose."
But an especial cloud has overhung his life?" His piercing eye was reading her face. She changed color, but remained silent.

"Miss Stanhope, I have noticed a growing intimacy between your brother and Miss Cornish. Has he already declared his love for her and hear accordated."

and been accepted?"
"You have no right to ask—" "You need not answer me. I see by your face that he has. Once more—your brother has an unusual habit of dress. Have you ever been

nformed as to the reason?"

The girl's cheeks flamed crimse Mr. Boardman," she said, with dignity, "

need hardly suggest that your conversation has taken a very unacceptable turn."
"If you do not know what lies beneath that glove," he pursued, not heeding her, "I can tell

you."

A look of burning curiosity for one instant flashed in her eyes. Then they dropped before his exultant gaze.

"Mr. Boardman, take me home at once." "Adele, I have no desire to persecute him. Nor would I turn my hand over to protect the Cornishes. But if I were to tell what I know,

Cornishes. But if I were to tell what I know, Sibyl Cornish would shrink from her lover in loathing, and Felix would eject him from his doors. For your sake, Adele, I will keep his secret, even from you, whom he has kept so carefully in the dark."

"Mr. Boardman, I demand to be taken home immediately. I will not listen to another word."

"Either you must, or others shall."

"For myself and in my brother's behalf, I defy you to produce anything to his prejudice."

"Must I tell you, then?"

"I will not listen to you! Let me get out of the carriage. I will walk home."

She rose, as if to leap out.

He clutched her wrist and forced her back into her seat.

Adele Stanhope, all women are recklessly swayed by impulse; but if you allow pas-sion to dominate your reason now, on our re-turn I will denounce your brother as—" And he fairly hissed the remaining words in

The blood streamed all over the girl's face and "You are a falsifier and a slanderer!" she

"Look back over your acquaintance with him, Have you ever seen his hand ungloved?" It was true, she never had. "Of what other man could that be said? Who wears white kids at an ordinary family breakfast? Why should he?"

The questions were unanswerable.

"Look at his face. Is he not a prey to secret sorrow? You know him intimately. Have you never been astonished by outbursts for which you could not reasonably account?"

The scene in the state-room of the River Ouecal. His strange behavior over her betrett.

Queen! His strange behavior over her betrothal! Her mother's pitying grief, and a thousand and one incidents, all linked in mystery. The girl was completely crushed.

"Adele, I do not say that the indiscretions of a man's youth should follow him all his life long. He may have repented and reformed.

long. He may have repented and reformed. Need I picture to you what effect this exposure will have on his life?" "Stop!" stop!" pleaded the stricken girl, "Give me time! Take me home now, please."
Without a word he turned the horse's head.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 434.)

M

COUSIN DELLE.

BY D. CHANNING ROBIE.

The cottage on the mountain-side stands where the glow of summer-in golden brightness gently falls. Upon its weather-beaten walls.

Over the porch the creepers twine, With ivy and sweet eglantine; While fast to many a knotted string The circling scarlet runners cling.

Sweet spot! how dear thou art to me! I linger round thee lovingly. Oh, that I could forever dwell Here with black-eyed Cousin Delle!

Away she trips beneath the trees— Her fair cheeks kissed by summer's breez: Then through the meadows green, where fic The babbling brook, she merrily goes.

The sun-hat dangling at her back, No longer bides the raven black And glossy locks of wavy hair That falls upon her forehead fair.

Now skipping long the woodland path, Then sporting in the aftermath— Oh, would that I one half could tell The witchery of Cousin Delle!

Behold her now in fragrant hood Of flowers from the deep wildwood: And woven into every tress A red rose of the wilderness.

Through the fields where daisies grow I watch the dark-eyed maiden go. Surely, on me there is some spell Cast by that fairy, Cousin Delle.

May evil, pain and sorrow be, ' Through all thy life, unknown to thee; May all with thee e'ermore be well, Sunny, dark-haired Cousin Delle.

The Rejected Heart:

THE RIVAL COUSINS. BY MARY GRACE HALPINE.

CHAPTER XIV.

A TERRIBLE DISCOVERY.

An unaccountable feeling of depression weighed upon Walter's heart, which made the mirth and music of that gay assemblage jar harshly on his nerves, and he left very soon after John

did.

He had gone but a few rods when he missed a bunch of keys that he always carried

It contained not only his room and office key but the one that unlocked a desk containing

valuable papers.

He remembered hearing something drop from his pocket when he was in the old deserted house. He had looked, but the light being dim, had discovered nothing, and thought he

It must have been the missing keys.

There was no help for it; tired as he was, he would have to go back for them.

Fortunately his way home was past the road where this house stood, so it would not take him much out of the way.

With these thoughts, Walter turned down the rough and powers wed that led to the "old

rough and narrow road that led to the "old Stone place." When near, though not within sight of it, he

was startled by the report of a pistol.

Walter's horse was young and spirited; giving a snort of terror, it began to rear and plunge in a manner not a little dangerous in the steep and rocky place where he was.

After he had succeeded in calming him, he

Not a sound broke the solemn stillness that

Looking cautiously about him, he strained his eyes vainly to discover any movement in the Then, with a reassuring word to his horse Walter went on

Walter went on.

The moon was partially obscured by a cloud, but the outlines of the house were plainly visible, amid the blackness that surrounded it.

As Walter looked he saw a figure emerge from the house and run down the walk to the

Whoever it was must have heard the sound of

whoever it was must have heard the sound of his horse's feet on the stony road, and which sounded very distinctly in the silence.

As it reached the road, it paused as if irresolute which way to go; then, suddenly turning, ran swiftly down the hill in an opposite direction.

Walter's horse now demanded all his time and As though it scented some mysterious horro

in the air, it began to back; plunging from side to side, not even the application of the whip

could make it go forward.

At last Walter dismounted, and taking him by the bridle, tried to lead him up to the house, but he could not induce the animal to move one step in that direction. At every fresh effort he reared upon his hind legs, trembling in every limb, his flashing eyes and dilated nostrils showing the terror that had seized him.

Pitying what he could see no adequate cause or, Walter finally turned the horse round, securing him to a tree at the side of the road.

He then went into the house, the door of

which stood wide open.
On entering the first room, he saw a dark pool of something oozing from beneath the door of the one opening out of it.

On taking a step forward, his feet slipped, and in trying to save himself, both hands came in contact with a warm, slimy liquid, and which had the sickening odor of fresh blood!

Springing to his feet, Walter turned to the

Horror of horrors!-his crimsoned hands were dripping with gore!
Struck dumb and motionless with terror, h

stood for some moments trying to collect his scattered thoughts.

scattered thoughts.

Some dark, some horrible deed had been committed. Murder or suicide—which?

Shaking off the benumbing horror that oppressed him, Walter pushed back the door of the adjoining room, which was ajar.

Upon the floor lay the body of a man.

Walter approached nearer.

At this moment the moon burst out from be-At this moment the moon burst out from be

hind a cloud, revealing to his horror-struck vision the white, rigid face of John Remming-

Tearing open the vest, he placed his hand upon

Though the body was still warm, there was not the faintest motion there; he could have been dead only a short time, but dead he was! What was to be done now? Go to the family of the murdered man with the terrible tidings? apprise the magistrates of the foul murder that had been committed in their midst?

This was what he ought to do. And yet-Supposing his story was not believed? His heart grew sick as he thought of John's

fatal quarrel with him, and the terrible position in which he might find himself.

The murderer, whoever he was, had fled, and Unless he was, suspicion

might never be found. Unless he was, suspicion would surely fall on him.

Why should he tell of his discovery of the body? What good would it do? Would it not be better to leave the discovery of it to some one else, rather than put himself in such mortal

Picking up the missing keys, which he found under the table, Walter left the house; his mind a confused medley of doubts, fears and conject

tures.

He finally came to the conclusion that he would say nothing about it.
Fatal mistake!—and still more fatal consequences that sprung from it!

The gray dawn was breaking before Walter fell asleep, and then he slept very heavily.

him.

The cuffs of the linen duster, that was lying across a chair, were dabbled with blood, while spots were on various other parts of it. And when he went to draw on his boots, he found that the soles were crimsoned and the instep splashed with the same horrible stains.

With a sick feeling at his heart that no words can describe, Walter covered his face with his heards.

He shuddered as his thoughts reverted to the chastly thing that was lying in that old, deserted house, the sightless eyes turned up to the

bright sunshine,
Had they found it? If not, when would they?
Oh! that he had had the courage to have told
all! But now it was too late.
After doing the best he could to remove the
telltale marks from his clothing, Walter went
down to the deserted dining-room.
Elben the waiter was noted for his news.

Eben, the waiter, was noted for his news-gathering proclivities, and his willingness to lisburse the same to whoever would give him a

hearing.

Walter saw, with a feeling of relief, that his face wore its usual inane expression, when nothing was going on, to use his own words, "worth mentioning."

Walter never encouraged his propensity to talk, not considering that he needed any. Now

"Any news, Eben?"
"Nothing worth speaking of, sir," replied Eben, with a doleful shake of the head. "Dretful dull times these. There hain't been a murder, or an elopement, or even a marriage, of any account, for I don't know when!"

Eben said this with an injured look and tone, as though he considered it in the light of a personal grievance, and which would have provoked a smile from Walter at any other time.

Now, all he thought was, that nothing had been discovered as yet.

Hastily swallowing a cup of coffee he ordered his horse.

He had partly promised Irene, the night before, that he would join an excursion up the river that had been the subject of much talk and anticipation for the last fortnight. Now he

and anticipation for the last fortnight. Now he felt that he dared not risk the ordeal to which it would subject him.

As Walter stood by his horse, adjusting some portion of the harness, he saw Charlie Gray crossing the road toward him.

"Good-morning, doctor. So you are not going to our excursion? But, good heavens! how pale you are looking. Are you ill?"

For the first time, Walter was conscious how pale and haggard his face must look, and it did not tend to calm his uneasiness at Charlie's unexpected appearance. expected appearance.

"I am not feeling very well; I have had a good deal riding about to do of late."

Charlie stared at him for a moment, and then

"I'm looking for John. He promised to be on hand the first one this morning, and hasn't out in an appearance yet. I thought that per-haps he had come down to the hotel for some-

thing."

"I haven't seen him," said Walter, replying more to the look and tone than to the words. "He may be about the building somewhere."

Young Gray passed into the hotel, and Walter rode away; scarcely daring to allow himself to think until he found himself in the open country, with the town far behind him.

John had been missed. The next thing would be a search. And then!—
How vividly did his imagination portray the wide-spread horror and consternation, the grief and anguish that would follow!

CHAPTER XV.

CHAPTER XV.
FOUND DEAD!

PARTLY to put as many miles as possible between him and the scene of that dark tragedy, and partly to drive away the gloomy thoughts that oppressed him, Walter visited some patients in a rough and mountainous district, several miles from town.

On his way back he stopped at a farmer's for a bowl of bread and milk. He had taken nothing since morning, and was too faint and weary to proceed further.

The farmer's wife bustled about the

o proceed turther.

The farmer's wife bustled about, placing upon he table a brown loaf and brimming pitcher of nilk, of which he partook more heartily than he had believed it possible As he sat there one of the farmer's sons drove

By the parcels of groceries in his wagon it was evident that he had been to town, and Walter looked curiously at him as he entered.
"Here's the Herald, mother," he said, tossing a paper into the old lady's lap, who was knitting by the window.

Walter, as he rose from the table.

"They're makin' a tarnation rumpus 'bout a young chap that's missin'," said Jake. "His mother is in highsterricks, an' nigh about the hull town out lookin' fur him, I should say. There wouldn't be no sech fuss if I should turn

up missin', hey, mother?"
"Who is tt?" inquired the old lady, whose placid face looked as if "highsterricks" were something of which she had no personal experi-'John Remmington. You 'member him, d?—that wild, harum-scarum fellow that we

saw at the tavern down to the 'Corners "Yes, I remember him," responded the farmer, who was sitting in the doorway, mending a harness; "an' I don't remember much good of

Walter's heart had grown strangely tender oward his dead kinsman; his sad, untimely ate making even his faults sacred.

He turned quickly toward the speaker.

"No-no! sir; you should not say that! My ousin had his faults—as who of us have not? but he was not bad. And there are hearts that are bound up in him!"

The speaker's voice broke a little at the con

A kind heart beat under that coarse, fustian Scuse me, sir; I forgot he was a relation of

"He is the son of my father's brother; and I shall be very sorry if any harm has befallen him," said Walter, gravely.

Then turning to Jake, who was making a vigorous onslaught upon the substantial lunch that his mother had set out for him:

"Had they succeeded in finding no trace of

Had they succeeded in finding no trace of They hadn't when I come away, 'bout two

hours ago."

The old farmer looked at the pale, troubled face, which had grown so old within the last

Mayhap the young chap's hid himself away, fur a lark. Don't you be none afeard but ust fur a lark. Don't what they'll find him. 'He has not been found," thought Walter, as

In spite of all the excitement, comments, and ven suspicions it might arouse, he wished it ver with. He could not endure the thought of the body laying there another night; and the impulse was strong upon him togo to the nearest magis trate and tell him all he knew.

He had to go past Irene's.
As he came in sight of the house, he saw a rowd of people approaching it.

Four stalwart men walked in front, bearing a

Well did Walter know what it was that was lying so still beneath that white covering!
Then, as he thought of Irene, and how cowardly it was to leave her alone at such a time, he

The bright sunlight was streaming into the room when he woke, woke with that vague feeling of horror, which weighed like the remains of a nightmare upon his spirit.

He would have thought his strange experiences of the past night to have been some horrible dream, were it not for what he saw around him.

The works of the lines due to that was lying the stars her face rale and her eyes dilated.

the steps, her face pale and her eyes dilated with horror.
"Oh! Walter, this is dreadful! dreadful! My

poor aunt, it will kill her! Don't, oh! don't let her go down there!"

With pale face and disordered attire, Mrs. Remmington stood upon the steps struggling against the detaining arms that were thrown

'Let me go!" she shrieked. "John is hurt!

-something has happened to my boy! I will know the meaning of this!"

And breaking away, she rushed down the steps, pushing through the crowd that surrounded the murdered man, just as Mr. Remmington drew away the sheet that covered him. For a moment she stared wildly at the white.

rigid face.

Then she threw herself down beside it with a shriek that curdled the blood of all who heard 'Who has done this? Dead! dead! Oh! my

Here shriek after shriek came from the lips of the frenzied mother, until unconsciousness came mercifully to her relief.

Pressing through the horror-struck crowd, Walter raised the head of the fainting woman, until it rested against his knee.

The wretched father stood looking at the son he so idolized, like one benumbed and speechless by the magnitude of his woe.

He now sorrors forward.

less by the magnitude of his woe.

He now sprung forward.

"Murderer!" he cried, hoarsely, seizing Walter firmly by the collar, "how dare you come here? Have you come to gloat upon your victim? to witness the agony of the hearts you have bereaved?

"Friends and neighbors," added the speaker, turning round and stretching out his hand toward the hushed and wondering crowd, "I call God and you to witness that I denounce this man as the murderer of my poor boy."

With her face almost as white as the dress over which her fair hair floated like a vail, Irene now approached, laying her hand on his arm.

arm, "This terrible thing has turned your brain,

"This terrible thing has turned your brain, uncle; you don't know what you are saying."

Mr. Remmington turned his eyes upon his niece with a look that she never forgot.

"I know what I am saying but too well, as you will find. And I know, too, that it was to win you he did it! But he shall not go unpunished. My poor boy shall be avenged! I will have vengeance, vengeance on his murderer!" These were terrible words for a man to listen

These were terrible words for a man to listen to, however innocent he might be.
Walter's face was very pale, but there was neither fear nor anger there. The strong pity that had taken possession of his soul lifted him above all fears for his personal safety.
"God pity and comfort you, sir," he said.
"If those dumb lips could speak, they would tell you how innocent I am of bringing upon you this great calamity."
Walter turned away as he said this, Irene was just back of him, and he paused as he saw the mute appeal in the tearful eyes that met his.

his.

"It will be better for me to go now," he whispered; "I can do no good, but rather harm by staying. Dr. Pratt is here, and will do all that is necessary. In the mean time, if you have anything to communicate, write me."

As Walter passed through the crowd he could not be unmindful of the suspicious glances that

Harry Gray was standing near. As Walter

met that searching, questioning look, there instantly flashed upon his mind the letter he had sent by him to John the night previous.

His heart almost stood still with terror as he thought of all that might be inferred by it.

Could there be anything more unfortunate than the network of circumstances that surgently designed him? rounded him?

CHAPTER XVI.

A WOMAN'S FAITH.

WITH all the pomp and circumstance of woe that wealth gives, John Remmington was laid away "in the house appointed for all the liv-

The funeral was in church, and very largely attended; curiosity drawing many thither who had taken little or no interest in him while liv-

coffin, an elegant thing satin, was literally covered with floral offer-ings, and which filled the church with their

agrance.
Many curious eyes were directed to the pew part for the "mourners," and which v There was a strong sensation as Irene came in.

saning upon the arm of her uncle. She was in deep mourning, which y contrast, the pallor of her face. which hightened by contrast, the pallor of her face.

The change that the last few days had wrought in the bereaved father touched with pity the heart of every beholder. His face looked as if they had been years instead of days; his head was bowed and his step weak and tottering.

Mrs. Remmington was not present; she was lying in a darkened chamber upon the bed from which she never arose again.

hich she never arose again.

which she never arose again.

Contrary to the general expectation, Walter was there. He sat in his own pew, it being the church where he regularly attended.

Two ladies were in the pew when he entered, who immediately arose and took another seat. Walter took no apparent notice of this, taking a seat in the further corner, so that the rest of it could be at the disposal of any one who

of it could be at the disposal of any one who wanted to occupy it.

After the services, opportunity was given to all who desired it, to pass up one aisle, past the altar, where the coffin lay, and down the other, so as to obtain a parting look of the deceased.

After the larger part of the crowd had surged past him, and out the other door, Walter walked up to where the coffin stood, looking sadly upon its occupant, unmindful of the curious eyes that were watching him.

were watching him.

Never, in all the glow of health and life, had ohn Remnington looked so handsome as when the lay in his coffin. The face wore that peaceful and serene expression, observed in all thos who die suddenly from gun-shot wounds. Every race of passion and excess had faded; the re ining hand of death had spiritualized it, as noth-

g else could.

John was a favorite in the community. His ankness and generosity made him liked even y those who saw, with pain, the grave faults While he lived there were fathers, thoughtful,

lear-sighted men, who shook their heads at his vildness, saying, "that it might be well enough or John Remmington, but if he was their boy—" Struck down in their midst by a violent death, at the flush of his manhood, they remembered mly the genial, and better part of his nature.

As is usually the case, their wrath and indignation against his murderer were in proportion of their crief and nity for his victim.

to their grief and pity for his victim.

The dark cloud that was lowering above Walter's head, in whose shadow he walked, whichever way he turned, soon burst in all its fury. On the evening of the day of the funeral, as e was reading an article in the local paper, ommencing with the cheerful inquiry:

Why is the murderer of John Remmington nitted to walk our streets?"-two men tapped at his door.

Perhaps Walter surmised their errand, for he looked from one to the other without speaking.

The elder of the two stepped forward and laid

s hand on his shoulder.

"You are my prisoner; I arrest you, in the name of the State, for the murder of John Remurged his horse forward.

By the time he reached the gate, which was wide open, the crowd had passed through it,

tenance and bearing were as composed and steady as though it was simply a professional

Pray be seated; I will be ready in a few mo-

ments."
The officers remained standing by the door, while Walter made a few additions to his attire.
"Now I am ready."
"Please hold out your hands."
The young man's face flushed deeply.
"That is not necessary. I give you my word of honor that I will not try to escape."
"I have no discretion in the matter," was the cold response.

Walter said no more, but as he felt the touch

of the cold iron upon his wrist, overcome with shame and humiliation, his head sunk upon his breast, while a faint mean came from

"Pray, don't give way, sir," said the younger man, whose heart was touched with pity at the shame and anguish so plainly depicted upon the face of the prisoner. "We have a carriage down at the door, and with this cloak around you no one will notice it."

In spite of the precautions used, quite a crowd had gathered around the hotel steps, and a storm of hootings and hisses greeted Walter when he came out

when he came out.

Pat Maloney sat upon the box. He was a fast friend of Walter's, and his warm Irish heart was up in arms at the demonstration.

"Ye ought to be ashamed of yourselves, so ye had, to be afther condimning a man before he's thried, aven! It's not I that'll belave it of him, at all, at all! Sure an' didn't he attind the ould woman an' me sister's three children, an' nivir a cint would he take. He's a jontleman, an' ye're a set of dirty blackguards! If it wasn't fur l'avin' me hosses, I'd git down an' give ye somethin' worth howlin' fur!"

And shaking his whip in the face of the nearest

thin' worth howlin' fur!"

And shaking his whip in the face of the nearest of the crowd, Pat drove away.

Walter heard the heavy clang of the door of his narrow cell close upon him with a feeling of desolation that no one can realize except those who have passed through a similar experience. But after the first shock was passed, he experienced almost a feeling of relief that the worst had come, and that there was, now, no more necessity for concealment; he could tell all he knew in regard to what was almost as much a mystery to him as any one.

It was a terrible position to be placed in; no one could realize it more fully than he; still he

one could realize it more fully than he; still he could not bring himself to believe that he could be convicted of so grave an offense—hung for a

crime that he never did.

The most painful thought in connection with his trouble was Irene and the sorrow that it would bring upon her.

That she loved him he knew; the consciousness of her love had made him very happy; but would it stand the test of such a terrible ordeal as this? Would she believe him innocent,

in the face of so many dark and suspicious cir-cumstances?

cumstances?
Questioning his own heart, it responded yes; she would have the same faith in him that he would have in her, under like circumstances.

His heart whispered that she would come to him, or send him some cheering word.

But when hour after hour dragged its slow length along, and no tidings reached him, his courage began to fail.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 432.)

Choosing and Losing,

BY JENNIE DAVIS BURTON.

"Now, see here, Kent," said Mr. Briant, pacing his office floor with unwonted vigor. "It was by my advice you invested, and I feel myself in a measure responsible for your loss. I'll tell you what to do. Marry my niece, Archina, and I'll give you a minor partnership here."

here."

August Kent, who had just had a fortune swept away, looked quickly up.

"Marry Archina!" he repeated.

"Just the idea! She's a pretty girl, if she has some high-flown notions. See here, time is money, and I'm occupied. Suppose you come to dinner to-morrow and settle the matter with

"But, my dear sir," protested Kent, "suppose she should object?"
"She won't. I'm the only relation she has in the world. She'll do as I say or there'll be more And with this portentous threat Mr. Briant bowed his visitor out, and that same evening imparted his plans to the black-eyed, slender

rl who had been reared "like the lilies" within is luxurious home.

Archina listened with flashing eyes and crim-

"Uncle Justin," said she, "what do you expect me to think of a man who takes me because you bid him—simply as a stepping-stone

to fortune?"

"I'm not aware that you have any great amount of fortune to bestow," remarked uncle Justin, curtly. "I'll never leave you any if you disappoint me in this."

Though she might indulge herself in angry tears after that, Archina knew the flat had gone forth and resistance was useless. Some-how the recollection of August Kent's handsome face comforted her a little

some face comforted her a little.

"It would not be so hard to care for a man like that if he had only come of himself and before he was poor," thought she.

Dinner was over next day. The lights in the drawing-room were reflected from innumerable mirrors; there were pyramids of hot-house plants alcoming status results. plants, gleaming statuary, cabinets of costly shells and painted delf—everywhere evidences of the luxury which had always surrounded Archina, and without which she fancied it would be intolerable to live. And the alternative in the shape of Mr. Kent was making himself duly

Miss Briant," he petitioned, "will you sho me the new picture your uncle has added to his collection? He has almost succeeded in arousing

collection? He has almost succeeded in arousing my enthusiasm in art affairs."

"Mr. Kent," retorted Archina, with the sweep of her silken skirts at his side as she led the way, "speak the truth. You don't care a fig for the picture and I know it."

"Then may I tell you what I care for you?"

asked August, plunging boldly into the subject uppermost in his thoughts. "I am aware that coming to you in this way and at this time I cannot plead my cause with any grace, but I do ask you to believe that my admiration is sincere, that my future devotion shall be earnest and entire if you can accept me as a est and entire, if you can accept me as a

"Very well, in that case we may consider the matter settled," responded Archina, with admirable promptness. "But I wish you to know that I could never tolerate meanness, or treach-

"Why do you say that to me, Miss Briant?"
"Because I have heard the rumor which connects your name with that of Mrs. Durand's cousin. August," she faced him impulsively, "I don't ask you how far your liking for her has gone. It is enough if you choose to give her up and enter into a connect of marriage. her up and enter into a compact of marriage with me; but if you cannot conscientiously and freely do this, be honest enough to tell me so

Mr. Kent smiled back into her earnest eyes "There are no broken pledges on my part," he declared, "and nothing deep enough in my interest for little Miss Lawrence to draw me for a single instant from the true allegiance I vow

But it would appear that Mr. Kent was quite capable of putting two constructions upon his own words, since his early stroll through the park next morning had a meeting with this same little Miss Lawrence as its only incentive. She sat on one of the rustic benches, quite unmindful of the dew which clung to her skirts and was showered down from the rustling branches overhead—a pretty, innocent young ill bund."

Walter turned a little pale, but his councenance and bearing were as composed and steady as though it was simply a professional summons.

August, but held the traces of grief or trouble in its soft lines still.

"And now, what is it?" he asked, when he had taken the seat by her side. "Has Mrs. Durand been bringing the house down about your ears again? I can't conceive your being related even by a distant tie to that coarse, vulgar wo-

man."

The curved red lips quivered. Little May Lawrence was conscious that she worked like a bond-slave for the privilege of being retained as Mrs. Durand's dependent relation, but a deeper grievance was swelling her heart.

"It's worse than anything before, August—she is jealous. You know how they quarrel, and—and Mr. Durand does pay me attention, but it is only because he sees it annoys her. She would send me off only he forbade her, and I am—I'm miserable!"

"And I am further than ever from being able to save you from that sort of life," muttered

"And I am further than ever from being able to save you from that sort of life," muttered August, gloomily. "Look here, May; old Van Nor would propose in a minute if he thought it was the least bit of use, and I'll put him up to it if you'll cut me and take him. It won't be half as bad as that snarling cat-and-dog business at the Durands." A white, scared look flitted across the girlish

'August, is it true that you want to be rid

of meg?'
"Who has been telling you any such nonsense,

"Who has been telling you any such nonsense, May?"

"Cousin Annette. She says that I have encouraged you, and she has no doubt but you despise me for being such an ignorant little fool, but oh! how could I help it?"

"You couldn't," declared August, decisively.
"I am only advising you to cut me off and take up Van Nort for your own good, because you are fretting yourself to death where you are, and I haven't the hardihood to ask you to starve to death with me as a choice of methods. I believe if I were half a man I would take myself out of your way altogether. I am a selfish fellow at best, and you would get over it and be better off."

"I would die. I would run away and drown

"I would die. I would run away and drown myself if it wasn't for you—if I didn't believe

in you."

Mr. Kent's lips were suddenly compressed. A light as assured and tender as he had sent into the black eyes of Archina Briant on the previous night now beamed into these swimming blue ones.

"My true, little darling; you shall have reason to believe in me. Let what will come of it, I am going to take you, dear, now, if you have faith enough to trust yourself to me."

Archina Briant and her bosom friend, Zoe

Percy, were passing one of the up town church edifices which was open for repairs when the latter came to a sudden stand-still. "Let's go in and see the new painted window," said she. "The design is by Veraney, and if it's half as lovely as he is we'll be rewarded for our trouble.'

"Don't be irreverent, Zoe!"

"Pshaw, don't you be a hair-splitter, Archina.
You'd rave over Veraney, too, if you weren't You'd rave over Veraney, too, if you weren't engaged already."
A dim light was diffused through the body of the church, and one or two other sight-seers wandered with aimless movements, scarcely distinguishable from the ghostly pillars in the dim aisles. Archina was made aware of the proximity of two unsuspicious persons who had the proximity of two unsuspicious persons who had

proximity of two unsuspicious persons who had stopped in the nave.

"May," said a voice, to which she involuntarily listened, the voice of Mr. Kent. "I may as well tell you that there is no priest on hand and will be none. I deceived you when I pretended to bring you here for the purpose of marrying you. Lord knows I'd do it if I could, but it's out of the question, and there's the end of it. I love you, and it is as much for your sake as mine that I am going to sacrifice myself to Miss Briant in a few weeks more. My darling, listen!"

sten!"
But May Lawrence shrunk before his plead-

But May Lawrence shrunk before his pleading as she would have done from a blow.

"Let me go," she cried, in a suffocating voice; but August held fast the little hand which had turned like ice within his own.

"It is too late to go, May. Mrs. Durand has your note before this time, and you can never return there. No harm shall come to you, poor little frightened bird. I couldn't endure to see you so unhappy, and I planned this to take you out of that jealous woman's power. When I am once married, you shall have a place as companion to my wife, and I will be your firm friend and protector meanwhile. Say that you forgive me and will let me provide for your orgive me and will let me provide for you,

Had a sheeted ghost arisen before him, he could scarcely have been more startled than by the apparition of Archina Briant, perfectly cool and collected, standing before him.
"You seem to forget the justice due your future wife in making your pleasant arrange ments, and in that character I should certainly nents, and in that character I should control abject to harboring one so favored in your affections as Miss Lawrence. You had better refections as Miss Lawrence us make her the

Perhaps you will hear my opinion first, Mr.

consider your choice between us, make her the future Mrs. Kent; I relinquish my claim in her right with all the pleasure that a true knowledge your character incites. Kent threw back his head with a defiant gesture, and flung out his hand to detain her as she

was turning away.
"Miss Briant," he said, "I have chosen you.
You cannot shake me off so readily as you appear to think. I yield to your decision in this, unmindful of poor May.

The one bright hope which had sustained her had been stricken from her life, but she was not left friendless and alone in her utter despair.

When Mr. Briant went home from his business that evening he found his niece and another young lady awaiting him.
"Miss Lawrence, uncle Justin. Since you are such a monomaniac on the subject of resti-tution I have brought her case to you."
"Eh?" said uncle Justin, looking in puzzled wonder at the pale and shrinking girl.

"You felt bound to make good the fortune August Kent lost in his own speculations by giving me to him. You will be as willing to provide Miss Lawrence with another husband, I suppose, as I am the unfortunate means of taking him from her. She had a previous claim, it

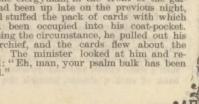
suppose, as I am the unfortunate means of taking him from her. She had a previous claim, it appears, and she has lost her situation because he inveigled her into a church on a promise to marry her, and then refused. I was a witness to the whole transaction."

"The scoundrel!" sputtered Mr. Briant, who, though stiff-necked and dictatorial, held to certain all feshioned privales of honor. "Did tain old-fashioned principles of honor. "Did you break your engagement and send him about his business, Archina? Did you tell him

never to put his nose in this house again?"
"Well, no, uncle Justin," answered Archina,
lemurely. "He wouldn't break it, and I coulddefinitely. He wouldn't break it, and cond-n't without periling my chances with you. I don't fancy applying for the vacant position with Mrs. Durand."

But it ended all the same in Mr. Kent's abrupt dismissal, and the finding for timid May Law-rence of another, and let us trust, a better

In the old days in Scotland there often was a amiliarity manifested between the pulpit and the congregation which is well illustrated in the following anecdote: A young man sitting opposite to the clergyman, in the front of the gallery, had been up late on the previous night, and had stuffed the pack of cards with which he had been occupied into his cost-pocket. he had been occupied into his coat-pocket. Forgetting the circumstance, he pulled out his handkerchief, and the cards flew about the hurch. The minister looked at him and re-narked: "Eh, man, your psalm bulk has been





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TO COMMENCE IN OUR NEXT!

Whom Will She Marry?

BETH FOSS,

The Parson's Daughter.

BY A PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

In plot unique, in persons wholly unconventional and original, in story absorbing, our PARSON'S DAUGHTER has, by this work, taken a front rank among writers of popular fiction.

LITERARY MOSAIC.

each character chosen with skill and woven into a picture that a master might claim with pride. If her "Pretty Puritan" was "rich in promise," this is promise fulfilled, for

In story it is strikingly original, In person it is strikingly strong,

In plot it is strikingly successful, and will, as do all true works of poet or novelist, be read with interest that grows and de-

velops with each scene, act and situation. . Beth Foss, the Beauty of the Parsonage-

Willful, Wayward and Venturesome-Loving, Strong and Pure-hearted-

is the central figure, around which are grouped:-the dear old Parson-knightly Max Duncan-steadfast Harry Sewall-sinister and subtle Rial Andral-sharp and quaint Jemima, the housekeeper-devoted and shrewd Jack Prentiss-Nina, the gentle ballet - dancer-Pierre, the Lucifer-and the dazzling Madame De Witt-

The Woman Incomprehensible-

with an astonishing career that has an astonish ing climax. All these are decided originals whose finely-rounded individualisms give a sustained strength to the threefold and singularly interwoven drama. It is, all in all, one of the best society and heart romances that it has ever been our pleasure to publish for many a month.

OFF FOR EUROPE.-The Brooklyn Eagle, of June 28th, has this item:

"Among the passengers by the City of Chester, Inman Line Steamship Company, to-morrow, will be Mr. William Adams, of the firm of Beadle & Adams, publishers. During his tour in Continental Europe he purposes visiting some portions of Germany, Italy and Switzerland, devoting also a part of his time to the Paris Exposition, returning to this city about the middle of September."

Mr. Adams, by long devotion to business, has well earned this holiday. May he enjoy it immensely! and return with new vigor, to prosecute the good fall campaign!

Sunshine Papers.

Of Something Not New.

No, indeed! Of a trite old subject enough But even in the days of Solomon, that wise gentleman declared there was "nothing new under the sun." Surely, since one can never hope to write upon a theme that has not suggested itself to other minds, it is pardonable if occasionally, one claims the right to give their particular thoughts upon a very old subject. So I will preach with one of Ben Jonson's

That writer says; "True happiness con-

We all desire to have friends; and most people like to have many, and swell their lists by speaking of mere acquaintances, in fact, of every one they know, or ever have known, as "my friend." But did it never occur to you, who claim, in the above mentioned manner, a score of friends, that there is a great differ

ence between acquaintanceship and friendship? You are endeavoring to find comfort through the sultry dog-days at some country resort; and you sit in the parlor, of a morning, puz-zling your brain over how you shall spend the where you shall go for a tramp; you glance up at the wall, to a suggestive engraving. It is a beautiful landscape; a solitary you hear; but you may gaze upon it all the day and you will not be refreshed. Presently you arouse yourself to wander where in reality bit of wood, through which runs a cool, clear stream, whose ripples you can almost imagine suppose it is right for some people who have

nountain stream, will remain with you through life, while its pictured counterpart may never recur to your mind, again. You derived substantial, comforting joy from the actual scene; it gave you what you longed for - hours of re-freshing, inspiring pleasure; the engraving— an acquaintance—at its best but an unsatisfactory representation, and substitute for a friend -pleased your eyes, only, and was soon for-

There are many men and women, to-day, utterly destitute of friends because in early life they sought many, rather than a few worthy ones, well chosen. It is in youth that we choose most of our friends; and if in old age they are dead to us, it is because we did not

choose wisely. Many young ladies select their male friends from among those of their associates who spend their money freely, dress nicely, talk loudly, and try to make a splurge in life; men who waltz lovely, but cannot say ten words of sense in a whole evening's conversation. And young men too often choose for their female friends the beautiful, giddy, fickle, thoughtless, fash-ionable girls, who can dance all night, as well as talk all night—and not say anything; while the thoughtful, industrious, earnest men and the plain, noble, intellectual girls, are passed And yet these latter are the characters

Though beauty is not an obstacle to friend-ship, it should never be a sole cause for it.

"'Tis the stainless soul within, that out shines the purest skin." Some of the best, the most brilliant, the most famous men who have ever lived have been by no means handsome men; and not a few of earth's noblest women -women who have made the greatest lifesacrifices, have performed the grandest deeds, and have done the most good in the world, are those who have been unattractive, and homely,

almost to ugliness. I know some people-and probably you can recall some such—who lack friends, not be-cause they are unable to make them, but because they do not know how to use them. They go upon the theory that "A friend in need, is a friend indeed." That is very true if you are not "in need" all the time! The strongest staff will break if you lean too heavily or constantly upon it. A gentleman, an acquaintance of mine, moved to a country village, where he was a comparative stranger. After a little time an apparently strong friendship sprung up between him and a neighbor, who owned a horse and carriage, and a sailboat. They were remarkably intimate. The new-comer used his new friend's horse and carriage freely, went sailing and fishing with him, took dinner repeatedly at his house, and could not praise him enough to all mutual associates. After a year and a half my acquaintance returned to the city, and to-day sees and thinks no more of the man who was so kind to him than if they had never met; while I leave it to my readers' vivid imaginations to conclude in what estimate the country gentlaman must hold the person who was so soon forget-ful of all the favors he had received. If, upon returning to the city, the gentleman had re-

ciprocated the kindnesses received from his country friend, each would still have valued and cherished the other; but being situated where he did not need, or could not use him, he laid him away like an old garment, and has, doubtless, found some one else upon whose friendship he is presuming. There is about as much sincerity in such friendship as there is religion in the lives of those men who use the church as a means of advancement in business or politics.

Never value friends for what they possess, but for what they are. Beauty, wealth, social position, are unreliable possessions. To-day we have them, and to-morrow they may be gone. But self-respect, amiability, affection, and sincerity-a true, noble character-are at A PARSON'S DAUGHTER,

SUPPOSING.

sidering I've just invented it. How is it played? I don't exactly know, myself. The fact is I am going to "make it up as I go along they tell to amuse the little ones.

suppose that person possessed good manners and do you suppose you would ever be forgiven if you felt mad and flared up and thought that you were treated in a very uncivil manner? And what do you suppose it is best to do with

Supposing, while you were reading by the table, some one should remove the lamp with never an excuse or "by your leave," and leave would be quite wasted if you were to purchase a copy of BEADLE'S DIME ETIQUETTE and send

it to the offending party?

Do you suppose a person has an easier conscience because he shirks his work when his used at every meal. pay is small and hurries through it as if it were of no consequence, and do you suppose that any person ought to grind another down to "starvation prices" when that other's work is doll well worth what he asks for it and his employer is well able to pay? supposing either of these cases was yours, what would you do about it?

Supposing you had but a few dollars to-day and desired a ride, of a few miles, in a vehicle, and you paid what was merely just and no more than the accommodation was worth; supposing that, to-morrow, your store of money should increase tenfold and you desired to go sists not in the multitude of friends, but in the worth and choice."

the same distance, in the same conveyance, do you suppose the owner would have the moral right to charge three times the price because you happened to possess a little more of the needful," and do you suppose, because one has money, he must be cupped, and bled, and leeched of all he has, or else be called stingy Houses ecause he does not give his entire wealth away

to every one who asks for it? Do you suppose it would be right, if your profession were authorship, when you had callsuppose you did give up your time, wouldn't you think it somewhat singular if the remark reached your ears that you ware reached your ears that you were not very industrious, just because you were not so impolite creditors at .05 cents on the dollar and promas to write when you had company? And do you | ised a similar payment in six months.

such trees, and quench your thirst and bathe cere and lasting affection in this world? Oh, your brow, with the cool, rippling waters,— there are some people so fond of a new face with what result? Why, the memory of that morning in the woodland, and of the cool and who believe they "never did, never will, depths and delicious freshness of the little or can, see another they admired so much." They never could tire of this new-found friend; not they! But, they do tire of him or her, and their love grows cold quite as suddenly as it grew warm. Supposing the love hadn't been of so "gushing" a nature, in the first place, don't you believe it would have been more last-

Supposing a man is unfortunate in business; is that any reason why he should fly to drink? Does the liquor make him any better or his prospects any brighter? Do you suppose he can make good his losses by using stimulants? Suppose he does bury his feelings, doesn't he bury his manhood at the same time? Fly to drink, indeed! he had better fly to work, striving to win back what he has lost, and not waste the little he has left.

Supposing you and I are planning to go on a pleasure excursion, and the rain pours down in such abundance as to mar our anticipated pleasure, shouldn't we complain of the weather We might do so although we shouldn't, for were we to put to ourselves the solemn question: "Who makes the weather?" I think the 'still small voice" that gives the answer would tell us of our wrong-doing.

Supposing a body is saying at my elbow-"Come, Eve, throw away your paper and wipe your pen, and prate not of things thou dost not understand, but come and take a who can form such friendship as would bless and brighten any life.

ride;" do you suppose you'd be very much offended if I concluded my "supposings" thus EVE LAWLESS.

Foolscap Papers.

A Heavy Tax List.

THE assessor has sent me a tax duplicate to I am against all taxes. I think we would all be better off without them, even if our country would not be. I am against taxation without representation, since I represent but little,

It is the stamp-tax renewed, as the tax makes everybody stamp, whether they have

and am in favor of representation without

got the stamps or not.

I have frequently tried to dodge the assessor. but he has always happened to assess the

dodger. I wish this United States Government could get along without having to call on me every year regularly to help it out of debt. I am getting tired of it. It has always been a

great drain on my wealth. This is the last duplicate I shall ever make out, and I warn the United States not to trespass on my premises again in the form of a one-eyed collector. Here is my inventory:

CROPS AND OTHER STATISTICS: AMOUNT OF LAND OWNED-one mud-puddle,

two swamps and a frog-pond in Blinkins RYE-one small bottle for medicinal use

CORN-three of them. POTATOES-one half-peck in a basket in cel-

Tobacco-five cents' worth in small box. BUTTER-pound and a half a little past the

prime of its life. BEES—none, but have had plenty of hives lately, owing to the hot weather. HONEY- 157 pounds of it; that is just what

I weigh, and that is what my wife calls me-when there is a new dress on the horizon. Horses-one clothes-horse, crippled; one rocking-horse, spavined, and one saw-horse, not much used; would like to see it broken.

Bonds-matrimonial bonds exceedingly se cure, ten-thirties, two-forties and rising like

MISCELLANEOUS:

Money-one strong box filled to depletion one other box iron-bound, stuffed empty; one pocket-book, bulged-in; one stone vault full of old tin cans; one shed full of rhinos of pork, etc.; one vest pocket containing two pants but-tons (412% grains fine) and small change to the amount of three shirt-buttons—besides one copper hole with a cent in it, legal tender to LET us have a game of "supposing." Never heard of such a thing? Well, that is somewhat singular. I don't know as it is, though, con-

tect a missing button. Notes Bearing Interest-numerous, and able to bear it for a long period. My notes are so valuable that people keep them steadily. Supposing you went to call on some one, and that individual should depart and leave you to take care of yourself during your acll.

Those notes are good for their cheek, I mean, for their face. Those four thousand and twenty notes represent \$25,000 worth of models.

INCOME-almost as large as the outcome and both are increasing in proportion. My income amounts positively to the sum of blank dollars, and I am willing to swear to it, loud. VALUE OF ALL CREDITS AFTER DEDUCTING DEBTS—this question should be value of all debts after deducting the credits; there would

be some figures for showing, then.

PLEASURE VEHICLES—one wheel-barrow, you in total darkness -do you suppose ten cents single-wheeled, but a nobby turn-out; you ought to see me handle it on the road; one hand-

cart, very handy. Amount a subject of inves-GOLD PLATE-one, with set of teeth aboard,

CHINA WARE—one broken set and one tea SILVER WATCHES-one, valued at twenty dollars a year by the silversmith, and he is the one who should pay the tax on it.

Pianofortes—not one, and it is worth five hundred dollars a year. Pianos are not my forte; when I want any amount of unbottled confusion I can easily go down to the boiler factory and crawl into a boiler while fourteen workmen play on the outside with hammers. PAINTINGS—one table with plates painted on

it, valued at five hundred dollars a year, as they never get knocked off and broken, and they do not require washing three times a day. VALUE OF LOTS—one lot of children valued at

\$25,000 a foot, or a head; one mortal lot, worth beyond the reach of figures. But don't Houses-one cottage by the sea; one castle

in Spain; one bust of Palace; all exempt.
VALUE OF ALL GOODS ON HAND APRIL FIRST pair of buck-skin gloves, once valued at one dollar. DEPOSITS IN BANK SUBJECT TO DRAFT—none;

such a scene exists, and seat yourself upon the bank of such a stream, beneath the shade of new, don't you think there would be more sin-

Manufactures - keyhole factory; make portable keyholes for convenience in carrying at night when you go home; very valuable, bevond estimate.

It seems to me that I will be taxed like a taxidermist this year. Sworn at and subscribed to by
Washington Whitehorn.

Topics of the Time.

-A reduction has been made by landlords in Paris—two wood toothpicks are now sold for three francs, and the price of board is now only advanced on new-comers once in twenty-four

—A new industry is said to be extending in Paris. It consists in the manufacture of a cloth, much lighter and warmer than wool, from the feathers of domestic and other birds. The material is waterproof and takes dye readily.

—The total amount of opium imported into the United States for 1877 was 2,580,924,383 grains. Deducting one-fifth for medical uses, there remain for opium-eaters 6,125,383 grains daily. If thirty grains are taken as a daily dose, there are in the United States over 200,000 men who eat opium.

—A Black Hills miner recently found the skeleton of a horse, with the skeleton of a man within it, a terrible reminder of last winter's fearful snow storms. Lost on the plains, the man had killed his horse, cut him open, and crawled inside, thinking to escape perishing of cold, but the animals' flesh froze solid, confining the man in a tomb from which there was no the man in a tomb from which there was no

—The News of Indianapolis is authority for the statement that a baby died in that city a few years ago which only weighed half a pound when it was born, and could be put into one of the sleeves of the dresses made for it. It lived two years, and at its death it only weighed one pound and a quarter. It was always a cheerful companion, but people couldn't help making light of it.

—A Chicago justice who had six drunken women before him recently, fined them \$20 and ordered them to work it out by giving the and ordered them to work it out by giving the station-house a thorough cleaning. He says he is going to adopt this plan regularly in future. The result will be that the station-houses will be kept clean or that drunkenness among women in Chicago will cease, for the women mentioned above pleaded piteously with his honor to give them ten days in the House of Correction instead of the house-cleaning job

ing job.

—London, England, has a most delightful atmosphere. There is nothing filmsy or gauzy about the air of London. In the language of slang, it is not "too thin." There is something real and tangible about it; something you can see, and feel, and realize; not the transparent stuff we have in New York. It must be seen and felt to be appreciated. It has such a reality, such a substance, in fact, that if it surrounded Chicago it would undoubtedly be heavily mortgaged. London's atmosphere owes its consistency to the fumes arising from the many coalfires of the city. In a paper read before the Society of Arts it was estimated that the coal annually consumed in London is over 8,000,000 tons, equal at one per cent. of sulphur to 80,000 tons, or as oil of vitroil to 245,000 tons. This is more than five times the amount given off from all the sulphuric acid works in the country.

—The little incident of Biamarck's dog trying,

-The little incident of Bismarck's dog trying The little incident of Bismarck's dog trying, the other day, to throttle Prince Gortschakoff, recalls, in the German papers, one of Bismarck's college pranks. When he was a student and a country squire he never went out for a walk without having a couple of hounds at his heels. At Gottingen, where he led a wild, reckless life, he was summoned before the dean for entertaining some boisterous friends with whom he had traveled into the Hartz. With characteristic assurance he put on dressing gown and riding boots and startled the venerable official by rushing into the room with a large bloodhound at boots and startled the venerable official by rushing into the room with a large bloodhound at his heels. The interview was a short one, and Bismarck and his dog went back to their quarters. Four young students of the corps of Hanover caught sight of man and dog and began to laugh. Bismarck remonstrated, high words followed and each of the four challenged him to a duel. The chancellor's favorite dog for many years was Sultan, a Danish mastiff, who invariably accompanied him when he walked or rode at Varzin.

remberg. A law student, during his compulsory year's service in the army, deemed himself insulted by the treatment he received from a lieutenant. On concluding his term a duel was fought and the lieutenant was killed. The was fought and the lieutenant was killed. The questions before the jury were whether a duel had been fought, whether it had had a fatal result, and was the accused guilty of that result? The jury gave a verdict of not guilty on all three charges. The German papers are puzzled to account for this repetition of the decision in the Vera Sassulitch case. Some say the reason of the verdict was pity for a promising young man whom the jury did not hold responsible for acts which custom demands and the law half sanctions; others that it was an instance of the dislike in which Prussian officers are held; and lastly, it is believed that the jury are held; and, lastly, it is believed that the jury found itself confronted with the difficulty that if the officer had been in the student's place the case would have been one in which the law, after compelling him to fight, punished him according to its result.

cording to its result.

—Apropos to Germany's present attitude of arbiter in the affairs of Europe is an interesting account of the German army which has lately been published by a French officer, who was for many years military attache at the Court of Berlin. The total number of trained soldiers Germany could dispose of in time of war, including the troops of the landsturm, is estimated by the writer at from 3,000,000 to 3,300,000 men, of whom 1,300,000 belong to the regular army and landwehr. Owing to improvements which have been made in the details of the mobilization scheme since the war of 1870-71, the writer calculates that in three weeks the whole of the regular army could be concentrated on of the regular army could be concentrated on the French frontier, while in another three weeks the fourth battalions and six divisions of andwehr troops could be brought up into line, the total strength of the invading army being thus raised to about 900,000 men. The mobilization of the second levy of troops could not be begun until the tenth week; but by the end of the thirteenth week 250,000 more men could be added to the field force, raising the strength of this latter to 1,150,000 men, leaving still 290,000 recruits—truly a colossal power, and one feared greatly both by Great Britain and France.

greatly both by Great Britain and France.

—The study and practice of gymnastics are to be made compulsory in all the State schools in Italy. The apostle of physical culture in that enervating climate is Sebastian Fenzi, the son of a Florence banker. He built a gymnasium at his own expense in that city, and from that beginning the movement has extended from city to city. He has preached gymnastics to Senators and deputies, to the syndic and municipal councilors, and even to the Crown Princess, now Queen. He especially inculcates its advancouncilors, and even to the Crown Princess, now Queen. He especially inculcates its advantages on all mothers of families, as likely to increase to a remarkable extent the personal charms of their daughters. And so far as his own domestic experience goes, his theories have not been contradicted by practice, for he is the father of the most beautiful women in Italy. Deputy Salvatore Morelli, a champion of the gentler sex, in presenting a bill for granting to women the right of acting as witnesses to legal documents, recently suggested that the equality of the sexes might be restored in a great measure if young girls before marriage would only give play to their muscles, as, in the event of meeting with a brute of a husband, who might attempt to trounce them, they might settle the dispute by at once knocking him settle the dispute by at once knocking him down.

Readers and Contributors.

Accepted: "Allotting the Prizes;" "At Eventide;" "Master of His Own;" "The Jew's Sacrifice;" "Patent Eyes;" "Old Aunt Race;" "Keep the True;" "A Breeze in the Cupola:" "Nothing to Say;" "Light of My Eye;" "A Kiss too Much;" "Oh, Lay it Down!"

Rejector "Joe the Traitor;" "Let Us Be Happy Now;" "The Wood Nymph's Plaint;" "My Cosey Friend the Rhymer; "Six or Eight Shall it Be?" "Open for Proposals;" "Life is What We Make It;" "Another and Again;" "That Saucy Boy;" "Re-compense for Loss."

STAR THE SHADOWER. The characters you name probably will appear again in romances, seeing that they are not yet actually killed off by their au-

MOLLY. Coney Island beach is exceedingly fine for bathing. One bath per week should suffice. Provide your own bathing dress, and always have some good friend with you.

JOHNNIE KING. "Velvet Hand" is No. 38 and "Gold Dan" is No. 41 of Beadle's Dime Library. The other, or first series, of the Dick Talbot stories are given in the Library. Can't say when the new story will be produced.

story will be produced.

C. C. S. No; we will not make an "exception" in your case. To read the MS. is one hour's work; to write an "opinion" and give you the required instruction—for that is what you virtually demand—is another hour's work. Pray tell us what right you have to ask such a service of a stranger?

DOLLY DUTTON. Six rings on your fingers is too much like a show. Three are quite sufficient. Wear your stock with frequent changes.—Remember that each number of kid gloves comes in three shapes, viz.: short-fingered, medium, and long-fingered. Undressed kid are much cheaper than the dressed, though not so handsome.

GORRIGHT. The Chippewas Pattawetomics and

GOBRIGHT. The Chippewas, Pottawatomies and Kiowas are not wholly extinct but are only the shadow of tribes. The two former, we believe, still frequent the Lake Superior country, in the summer season. The Kiowas are on "a reserve" and rather affiliate with the Blackfeet, who are the hereditary enemies of the Sioux.

ory elemies of the Sloux.

O. K. No gentleman will take a liberty with a lady. lady is justified in resenting what she knows to e an impropriety. She is right and you are wrong, pologize if you are a gentleman. What Shak pears says only once and which word he uses but wice we cannot say. As you probably know, supses you impart the information.

DONNYBROOK. Farjohn, the novelist, is an Englishman. He married the daughter of Jo Jefferson, the American comedian, and is now residing, with his wife, at Mr. Jefferson's villa, in New Jersey, but has no idea of permanently remaining in this country. He is not a Jew but of Jewish descent. His books are all published in cheap form.

MRS. E. A. E. Illinois, we believe, bestows more legal rights on women than any other State in the Union. In almost every State women can hold property in their own right, separate from the hushand's control or estate, if you demand the "State of utmost freedom" to women, to act independently of man's control or interference, go to Illinois.

Illinois.

SPENOER RIFLS. West Virginia was a part of Virginia and was erected into a separate State during the late civil war. Its people were nominally "loyal," so voted to separate from the portion of the State east of the Blue Ridge mountains and form a new State, which Congress recognized. It has since preserved its independent State form, and we presume will never become a part of Virginia again.

Miss Querist asks: "If two ladies go to a place together, and a gentleman offers to escort one home, what should the other lady do, in case her friend accepts his company?" A gentleman would not think of asking to see one lady home, when the two were in company; unless, a stranger to one, ha simply addressed himself to his friend. Of course she would, in accepting his offer, quietly present her companion, who would be entitled to his services equally with his lady friend,

NAVY BOY: As to comparative naval strength of France and Germany we answer that France now has 115 active vessels and seventy-eight in reserve, 48,000 sailors with 1,800 officers, and 16,000 marines with 780 officers, three monster iron-clads, and nine smaller coast boats. Germany has sixty-one active and forty-eight in reserve, 8,000 sailors and maines with 500 officers, and three iron-clads. One of these iron-clads, however, lately went to the bottom of the English channel. Whether or not she will be recovered is still a question.

L. L. D. The atmosphere which envelops the earth is not "in all space." In space there is nothing but inchoate or formless matter of infinitely small particles. The atmosphere decreases so rapidly in density (or, if you please, quantity) that, at the hight of three and one-half miles, it is only half the weight or volume common to the sea level; therefore, man could hardly live at that altitude for want of air to breathe. Some adventurers do climb to that hight, or higher, but they do so at the risk of exhaustion and bursting of blood-vessels.

Mrs. Addie M. Almost any step is justifiable to break up the tendency to melancholia, which is only too often a precursor of something worse. Encour-age your daughter to seek society—to have com-pany—to go out to entertainments—to take little pany-to go out to entertainments—to take little trips for pleasure, and find no fault with her, for that will on y confirm the habit of reserve and moodiness. See to it that you especially encourage confidence and intimacy between her and her brothers, that their gay spirits may be brought constantly to bear on her despondency. Make her happy by every means in your power.

Miss Sapon. Oil your hands after they have been in strong suds. The cheap soap now retailed in grocery stores is abominable stuff—made chiefly of vile grease and "patent" potash. Far better make your own soap of cleansed grease and pure lye. An exceedingly economic plan is to preserve all the house grease, and when you have ten pounds clarify it and with a small (pound) can of lye make a gallon of nice soft soap or four or five nice bars. Each can has on it printed directions for making soap of several kinds. Anything is better than the abominable stuff sold in the stores at eight cents a pound.

abominable stuff sold in the stores at eight cents a pound.

ELLA R. R. writes a letter too long to quote. She was engaged to a lover for two years when he suddenly died and now at twenty-two she is compelled to choose a calling for her own support, adding: "I am willing to work ever so patiently at any mental, or combined mental and physical, employment in which I can achieve satisfactory results of any kind. I am a fair pianist, singer and elocutionist; if I were to perfect myself for practicing one of those professions, or were to study for any other profession, my mother would help me, until I could help myself. What would you advise me to do?" As you seem anxious to enter some professions field, why not consult some eminent professors of those attainments in which you are most accomplished and see what verdict they give concerning your chances of success? To whatever profession you should choose, you would have to give years of hard study, and you probably would have to spend considerable money on instructions; for if you aspire to do well you had best study under competent teachers. Yet you may be rewarded by becoming a successful musician, elocutionist, singer, physician, or whatever profession you have chosen. A thorough knowledge of some particular art, either in the practice of it or the teaching it, generally commands good salaries and positions. Then there are excellent appointments as cashiers, book keepers, secretaries, superintendents of business, for ladies who are good mathematicians, copyists and linguists. But remember that whatever occupation you decide to follow, success depends upon your giving it your best efforts, and sticking to it.

Mrs. W. B. Walkley. We can tell you of no sure cure for sea-sickness. What will help one person

you decide to follow, success depends upon your giving it your best efforts, and sticking to it.

Mrs. W. B. Walkley. We can tell you of no sure cure for sea-sickness. What will help one person will not affect another in the least. The eating of salt, dried codfish, in its dried uncooked state, will effectually cure some people of that distressing illness; others find relief by slowly dissolving preserved ginger in the mouth; acid phosphate is found a preventive and cure in some cases; while the homepathic remedies are Nux Vomica, Petroleum, and Cocculus. Any one can provide themselves with a tiny vial of these medicines and try them in the order mentioned. You can commence taking Nux Vomica the day before you sail, if you know yourself susceptible to sea-sickness. Take three doses a day. If this fails to prevent or cure the sickness, try one of the other medicines—a dose every hour or two.—You will find it a convenience to take some gimlets on shipboard with you, to screw in the cracks of your state-room, for books. Also, make a shoe-bag—flat-backed and furnished with rows of pockets—of stout linen, deming, or bed-ticking, and tack it securely, so that it cannot swing, upon the door, on a level with the lower berth. You will find this wonderfully convenient for holding brush, combs, hair-pins, button-hooks, sleeve-buttons, collars, cuffs, etc., and preferable to constantly opening and shutting a hand-bag. Another useful article is a good-sized "tollet-tidy," made of colored linen or cretonne, in which all soil ed collars, cuffs, hosiery, handkerchiefs, etc., can be thrown until the end of the voyage. These "toilet-tidies" are circular bags, with a round bottom set in, and they are drawn together and hung by double drawing-strings.

THE WAY OF ALL.

BY HARRIET ESTHER WARNER

- A rustle of sheeny satin,
- A glimmer of jewels rare,
 A shimmer of jewels rare,
 A shimmer of foamy laces,
 And a breath of lilies fair.
 A bride at the altar standing;
 A priest to act his part;
 And the golden fetters are fastened,
 That only Death can part.
- The bride is wondrous lovely;
 Men worship her eyes of blue,
 Maids envy the flash of her diamonds,
 But they would not if they knew
 That the heart 'neath those rare old laces
 Is throbbing with bitter regret,
 And the golden head laden with jewels
 Is trying so hard to forget.
- The idyl of one sweet summer
 She forgot he was poor. And—well,
 Those ashes at home on her hearthstone
 Might a tale of a slighted love tell.
 She loved him, perhaps. But, remember,
 That love is a poor worthless thing,
 And cannot be counted as real
 Without at least one diamond ring.
- So she crushed the regret and the heartache,
 Laid the past and its treasures aside
 To think of her silks and her jewels
 And her wealth as the great banker's bride—
 To dream of the trip o'er the waters—
 And the winter to spend in old Rome—
 A season at beautiful Paris—
 And wonderful fetes when "at home!"
- It matters not that the banker
 Is crabbed, and wrinkled, and old;
 He can pay for those few little failings
 With his three million dollars in gold.
 And give her in lieu of caresses
 A palace on Fifth avenue—
 A dear little villa at Long Branch—
 And a place in the country, too.
- The wedding was certainly brilliant, But conscience was there with its sting.
- And the opera music just splendid— Not ballads that they used to sing; And the flowers rare costly exotics— May they prove half as dear to ber sight As that poor faded bunch of meek daisies She burned with his letters, last night!
- Ah, well! What's the use of lamenting?
 It's the way of the world, you know;
 And more hearts than one are in mourning
 When the form wears the garments of sno
 And the gold that so often we covet
 May cover a sea of despair,
 And out from the measure of sorrow
 Each mortal receives his full share.

Typical Women.

JOANNA OF NAPLES

" One of the most celebrated, most ac complished and most unfortunate of women and of queens,"

BY DR. LOUIS LEGRAND.

IF in Mary, Queen of Scots, we have a striking illustration of the crimes and miseries wrought by royal "successions," in the most tragic and melancholy fate of Joanna, the beautiful and gentle Queen of Naples, we see these crimes and miseries in a light so shocking as to make us utter a fervent "Thank God!" that the day has passed when such a life-story is possible.

sible.

True, we yet have the old intrigues and conspiracies of thrones and heirs to thrones—as, witness, the wretched story of Spain—a fair country literally cursed with dynastic revolutions; but, the tragedy and animosity possible under the civilization of medieval times, and the age of "revival" (A. D. 1200-1700) are no longer possible. The march of intelligence among the people has made the whole system of royal government more humane, and too dependent on collateral branches of government to permit kings, queens and princes to startle history with new records of sanguinary story. Again, thank

n literature: and under his beneficent sway Naples added to the splendor of her kingdom—

then one of the most renowned in Europe. His son, Charles, was like the father—a very admirable, high-minded and intelligent man, but he died in early manhood, leaving two infant daughters to inherit the throne when Robert should pass away. The grandfather, bitterly bowed down by the loss of his beloved son, transferred his love to the babes, and when Joanna was four years old (A. D. 1331) formally proclaimed her the heiress of the crowns of Naples and Provence, causing all his nobles to take the oath of allegiance to her. The throne of Hungary also belonged to the family, by the marriage of Robert's father, Charles the Second, to Maria of Hungary, but Robert being the second son (the celebrated Charles Martel being the first) was given the kingdoms of Naples and the first) was given the kingdoms of Naples, and Provence in France, for his inheritance, while Charles Martel retained Hungary. Out of this division came much of the misery that afflicted

the beautiful Joanna.

For Robert, thinking to end the animosities and jealousies of the two thrones, married Joanna to Andreas, the second son of Canrobert King of Hungary. Andreas was then but seven years of age and Joanna but five, yet the marriege was celebrated in Naples with great popular. riage was celebrated in Naples with great pomp. The children were brought up together in Na-ples. Joanna was a gentle, loving creature, and so bright of intellect that at twelve she is represented as having been more proficient in learning and culture than most women of the time Andreas, on the contrary, was coarse, weak-minded and indolent. His preceptor was a friar named Roberto—a person of barbarous instincts and detestable ambition. To make his pupil hate the Catanese (people of Catania or Southern Italy) he directed his chief efforts at instruction and the young Hungarian grew up upretion, and the young Hungarian grew up unrefined, weak and ignorant, unfit for any but such associates as Fra Roberto had him surrounded—Hungarian youths, whose habits, prejudices and passions were at war with good morals and good culture. Too late King Robert saw the alarming discrepancy of character between the children, and had only sad forebodings for Icanacle future.

Danna's future.

At fifteen the princess was regarded as one of the most beautiful, accomplished and lovable women in Europe; at seventeen Andreas was everything that was distasteful to a refined person—coarse, uncouth, slothful, and weak of intellect; and yet, so gentle, obedient and trustful was Joanna that she made no objection to con-

summating the royal contract of marriage, and assumed the relation of wife to the pupil of Fra Roberto, on her fifteenth birthday—a literal wedding of beauty and the beast.

King Robert died in 1343, and Joanna became Queen of Naples, Provence and Piedmont—three of the most fair and most enlightened countries in the world; but being a princer Robert hed in the world; but, being a minor, Robert had named in his will a council of regency to manage the three kingdoms' affairs during Joanna's in the world; but, being a minor, Robert had named in his will a council of regency to many age the three kingdoms' affairs during Joanna's minority. This was purposely done to shut out Andreas the imbecile from any exercise of authority in the state; but no sooner was the good king dead than the detestable friar Roberto developed his true character. Backed up by Hungary, he claimed for Andreas the sovereign under the first Roberto developed his true character. Backed up by Hungary, he claimed for Andreas the sovereign under the first Roberto developed his true character. Backed up by Hungary, he claimed for Andreas the sovereign under the first Roberto developed his true character. Backed up by Hungary, he claimed for Andreas the sovereign under the first Roberto developed his true character. Backed up by Hungary, he claimed for Andreas the sovereign under the first Roberto developed his true character. Backed up by Hungary, he claimed for Andreas the sovereign under the first Roberto developed his true character. Backed up by Hungary, he claimed for Andreas the sovereign under the first Roberto developed his true character. Backed up by Hungary, he claimed for Andreas the sovereign under the first Roberto developed his true character. Backed up by Hungary and the fierce Urban won him to his projects. Under a Pope's special edict Charles was given the throne of Naples; and marched, (A. D. 1381) with a large army of Hungarians, against Joanna.

power, and ere a year had passed the young king and queen were literally his subjects and he the sovereign. The Court of Naples, from being the most elegant and refined in Europe, under his sway became alike a terror and a disgust to the Catanese. Offices were filled with Hungarian boors or reckless adventurers, ready to execute his will; while, to advance his vile schemes, he studiously widened the breach between the two nations.

A picture of this man, by Petrarch, gives us the poet's conception of the then "regent" of the throne of Robert: "A horrible animal, with a bald head and bare feet, short in stature, swollen in person, with worn-out rags torn studi-

len in person, with worn-out rags torn studi-ously to show the naked skin. He despises not only the supplications of the citizens but from

only the supplications of the citizens but from the vantage-ground of his feigned sanctity treats with scorn the embassy of the Pope."

Impaired in health, Joanna retired to the Celestine monastery at Avezza, fifteen miles from Naples, in August, 1845. Her husband accompanied her. She was enceinte, and he seems to have had for her a certain affection that led him to remain with her; while she, it is in evidence, gave to him all the wifely devotion that it was in her gentle nature to bestow. She was measurably happy in that quiet retreat, but on the night of September 18th, a horrible murder was committed by persons unknown, and the victim was her husband, Andreas, who was strangled and his body pitched over a balcony to the ground far below.

Of this crime she was accused, but not a par-

ground far below.

Of this crime she was accused, but not a particle of proof ever established any complicity in the act, or even knowledge on her part of any design against his life. It is supposed to have been committed by some Catanese ready for any act to rid their country of the detested Hungarians. And they seemed to have guessed correctly as to the effect, for, when the murder became known in Naples the foreigners fled precipitately, and Joanna returned at once to the became known in Naples the foreigners fled precipitately, and Joanna returned at once to the
capital to take the government in her own
hands. She was fearfully shocked by the assassination, and that her grief was real was evident
when, two months later, she appointed a council, and named a special commissioner, Hugh del
Balzo, to hunt out and execute the murderers
of her husband without respect to persons.

This authority wrought a signal calamity, for,
armed with it, Del Balzo invaded her own household and tore from her very arms her fostermother, Phillippa, and others of her companions,
who were all executed with most horrible tortures. Their real crime was that of being of

who were all executed with most horrible tortures. Their real crime was that of being of "plebeian" origin. The haughty Catanese nobility had witnessed their promotion to power, in Robert's family, with astonishment and anger, and to cover up the real criminals (who were unquestionably some of these very nobles) the Countess Phillippa, Phillippa's son, her young and beautiful grand-daughter and this grand-daughter's husband—all probably as innocent as Joanna herself of any knowledge of the act.

This wretched business did not prevent a new series of calamities to the now miserable Joanna.

This wretched business did not prevent a new series of calamities to the now miserable Joanna, for Louis of Hungary, elder brother of Andreas, came forward with an army, nominally to avenge his brother's death but really to possess the throne. He marched to Avezza, where he had the Duke of Durozzo (who had wed Maria, Joanna's sister) assassinated on the spot of Andreas's murder, and the body was pitched over the balcony and denied burial; then Louis marched into Naples to find that Joanna, with a large retinue, had fled by a fleet of galleys to her province of Provence (in France), where she was welcomed with great and generous enthusiasm.

thusiasm.

In Naples all now was violence and blood. The flerce Croats, Magyars, Slavs, and their even flercer German mercenaries, committed shocking excesses in the beautiful city—the mere record of which is sickening to read. The best citizens were assassinated, tortured, imprisoned or beheaded; estates were confiscated assisted and with representations of the control of the c

tions; but, the fragedy and animosity possible under the civilization of medieval times, and the age of "revival" (A. D. 1200–1700) are no longer possible. The march of intelligence among the people has made the whole system of royal government more humane, and too dependent on collateral branches of government to permit kings, queens and princes to startle history with new records of sanguinary story. Again, thank God!

Speaking of Joanna's troubled career, her admirable character and her tragic death, a historian remarks that "history affords nothing more powerfully dramatic than the life of this queen. In fact, what splendid materials for tragedy and romance—for a Shakspeare and a Scott—in the character, passions, incidents and wild vicissitudes of her reign!" So true is it that tragedy finds in royal history its most awful and impressive subjects.

Joanna came of gentle and generous stock. Her grandfather was Robert of Naples, called by the poet Petrarch, "the good King Robert." He was the paton of literature, art and learning, and by his patronage did much toward that revival which put the "Dark Ages" away forever. He was the cotemporary of Dante, Petrarch and Boccacio—names still worshiped in literature; and under his beneficent sway and ruin ran riot; it was an orgie of hurapine and ruin ran riot; it was an orgie of hurapine and ruin ran riot; it was an orgie of hurapine and ruin ran riot; it was an orgie of hurapine and ruin ran riot; it was an orgie of hurapine and ruin ran riot; it was an orgie of hurapine and ruin ran riot; it was an orgie of hurapine and ruin ran riot; it was an orgie of hurapine and ruin ran riot; it was an orgie of hurapine and ruin ran riot; it was an orgie of hurapine and ruin ran riot; it was an orgie of hurapine and ruin ran riot; it was an orgie of hurapine and ruin ran riot; it was an orgie of hurapine and ruin ran riot; it was an orgie of hurapine and ruin ran riot; it was an orgie of hurapine and ruin ran riot; it was an orgie of hurapine and ruin ran riot; it was an orgie

mont, and kinghts from many other countries.

Louis the Hungarian quickly attempted to re
gain Naples, and came with a powerful army,
but the queen's forces were ready, and there
ensued a two years' war which is one succession
for brilliant personal acts and great deeds. It
was the old war again of Hun against Roman,
but now it ended in the Hun's defeat. The Hungarian was compelled to sign a treaty (1355 of Joanna's dictation, and Joanna and Louis of l'arento, by Clement's special bull, were crowned

for, arriving home from the public ceremonies of the coronation, she found her only child—a daughter of four years—dead in its cradle. Her only son by Andreas had been carried off into Hungary, only to die there; and now this child by her second husband was lost to her. It was a sad day, after all.

a sad day, after all.

A year later she adopted the son of Louis of Durazzo, brother of the Duke of Durazzo, whose assassination by Louis of Hungary we have noted. This lad, then twelve years of age, was destined to requite her tender affection in a correl manner.

cruel manner.

Louis of Tarento, her husband, dying, after a three years' peaceful reign, a council of state requested a third marriage, for reasons of state. She left the selection with the council, who named the brave James, Prince of Majorica. The union followed, but James, with rash ardor, persisted in avenging the death of his father by the hands of Peter of Afragon. He was taken prisoner in the first attempt and ransomed by Joanna; but, despite of her tears and protests, James made a second attempt, in which he perished of fever; and thus Naples again was kingless, and Joanna a third time a widow.

Once more her ministers advised a marriage,

Once more her ministers advised a marriage but now she firmly refused, and the twelve suc ceeding years were years of great prosperity to Naples, of happiness to her people, and compa-rative happiness to the busy queen. Then she greatly wearied of the cares of state, while the greatly wearied of the cares of state, while the troublous times made a firm hand at the helm necessary; so, for the fourth time, she then being forty-five years of age, she consented to marry. The choice fell upon Otto of Brunswick, a brave, accomplished and refined man, of her own age, in whose society, and under whose beneficent advice she enjoyed several years of such tranquility as she had not known since her fifteenth year anniversary.

But they were only the prelude to overwhelming disasters to come to her and to glorious

But they were only the prelude to overwhelming disasters to come to her and to glorious Naples. The reign of the two rival Popes—Clement VII. at Avignon, and of Urban VI. at Rome, filled Europe with contention, war and misery. Joanna adhered to Clement. Urban took his revenge by giving away her crown to Charles of Durazzo, whom she had brought up to manhood and ever regarded as her heir. She had married him to her favorite niece (daughter of Maria), and all Naples was prepared for his succession when Joanna, their most revered

they failed to come, and she retired to her strong Castel Novo, where she was besieged, while the city was given up to the horrors of pillage and murder. It ended, in spite of her husband's heroic endeavor to rescue her, in her capitulation, August 28th, 1381.

Her imprisonment followed. She firmly refused every deepend or threat of Charles for

fused every demand or threat of Charles for investing him with the crown by her formal ab-dication, and the miscreant had her finally taken out to a lone castle in the Apennines, where he hoped, by rigorous treatment, to compel her abjuration. Not succeeding he ordered her to be assassinated, and she was strangled, May 22d, 1382. Otto, her devoted husband, died of wounds received in fighting the usurper and murderer.

To this day every true Neapolitan speaks lovingly of "Our Joanna," for from childhood all are taught her sad history.

A sweet recompense for suffering—to be beloved in all generations!

A BROKEN LILY.

BY HERMAN KARPELS.

Bring me a lily to wear in my hair, To-night I shall dance with the young and the fair, And Allan, the lord of Lochglye, will be there— Dear Allan!

Long have I loved him, and worn on my hand His ring of betrothal—the glittering band That makes me the dearest of all in the land— My Allan!

Somebody whispered last night at the play That Allan's allegiance had wandered astray. It cannot be true what the gossips all say Of my Allan.

Queen of the revel, and fair as a dream, Beautiful Edith, oh! why do you seem Pale as a lily-bud, rocked by the stream? Fair Edith!

Reckless of sad eyes that mark him the while, Fickle and faithless, the lord of Lochglye Bends at another's least word and least smile. Oh, Edith!

And over the whirl of the 'wildering waltz,
Over the passionate music of Strauss,
Echoes the whisper, thy Allan is false,
Sweet Edith.

* * * * *

She tore the false pledge from her finger away, But memory's tide, oh, her heart could not stay For TRUE love endureth forever and aye— Said Edith.

Deep in the lake where the white lilies blow, Scattering fragrance from petals of snow, They found her asleep the white lilies below— Fair Edith!

Gather the lilies to lay on her breast; Carve on the marble her name and her crest; A broken white lily will tell you the rest— Poor Edith!

Pretty and Proud:

THE GOLD-BUG OF FR'ISCO

A Story of a Girl's Folly.

BY CORINNE CUSHMAN, AUTHOR OF "BLACK EYES AND BLUE," "BRAVE BARBARA," "MADCAP, THE LITTLE QUA-KERESS," "THE GIRL RIVALS," ETC.

> CHAPTER XV. THE SHADOW STILL PURSUES.

THE SHADOW STILL PURSUES.

THE evening that Esther Silverman received the earl and his son in the gilded salon—where was reproduced a boudoir of the time of Louis XIV.—was an epoch in her life.

A beautiful woman who had been all her life courted and flattered, Esther, since that bitter folly of her early girlhood, had felt toward men only sentiments of distrust. She had said to herself that it was impossible she should ever love. She had scorned love as a weakness meant only to betray women into unhappiness. She had held herself aloof from friendship with the other sex. Yet, really, Esther's heart was as fresh and warm as that of a girl of eighteen. She had repressed her nature; not, as she thought, destroyed it.

And now the time had come when the mighty

And now the time had come when the mighty passion which

"Rules the camp, the court, the grove asserted its right to rule the haughty spirit. It was as clear a case of "falling in love" as if the actors in the little drama had been in their "teens." A polished, courtly, intelligent man: A polished, courtly, intelligent man t, witty, superbly handsome woman ooth rich: both free: with no inequality of position, except that one was a "peer of the realm," and the other "an American Queen," it was not singular that the two were attracted, each by

the other.

Mayfair might rage, in a polite way, when it heard of it; but there was nothing in Paris to remind the earl of Mayfair, and he gave free rein to the infatuation which whirled him on toward matrimony. The evening call was succeeded by a morning call, made without his son; then both came to Miss Silverman's little dinner-party that evening, from whence the guests adjourned to the opera; they had many mutual adjourned to the opera; they had many mutual acquaintances: they met often; at the end of a week the earl, whom no one believed would marry again, made a formal offer of his heart and hand to the beautiful American.

Then the agony of her youth was renewed to Esther Silverman. That dark secret of her girlhood—the knowledge of which her proud father had carefully kept, after the tragedy in that quiet New England place, but which had gnaw ed at his soul until he died—was in the posses sion of a man who would not scruple to use i for purposes of revenge or triumph at any time when he took the fancy. She could not bring herself to confess to the earl: could she marry him and run the risk of his learning it after-

At first she felt that she could not so wrong this nobleman who loved her; and she sadly de-nied him her promise; but she was, for the first time in her life, herself in love, fathoms deep; and the struggle was so great that she finally yielded to the temptation which beset her in this sweet and fascinating guise—ventured to incur the risk—to accept present happiness and leave her future to Fate. Yet, after she had told the earl she would marry him, she trembled

The earl had enjoyed his new prospects but a day or two before he found on his table, upon rising in the morning, a note from his son, which ran something in this fashion:

"Dear Father: Miss Silverman will make you a superb wife. I am glad you appreciate her. The niece is a thousand times more charming than the aunt; and if you, at your age, can forget noblesses bolige, I certainly, at my age, can follow suit. I am off for Havre to sail for America at noon. Your affectionate son

ionate son, Albert Lytton Villiers Gascoigne Henry." This disconcerted the earl for a whole day so that he sent a note to his fiancee that he was not well enough to call on her. With him, it was not a matter of deep consequence that he should marry in his own sphere, since his heir was nobly mothered; but, for his boy, that was different!

"I have made a fool of myself; I will never go to see Esther again," he said, in his vexation; but the spell was too powerful; he was lonely, and she was sweet; and he spent the evening with her, nor reproached her for his boy's diso-

The earl urged Esther to marry him at once; but she said that her affairs in New York required her personal attention for a few weeks; she would go home, and if he cared enough for her to come after her, he might do so in two

awaited reinforcements from Provence; but he would never come for her; for she was frightened at her own great happiness, while the cruel words she had read kept up a melancholy re-frain in her mind: "You are a murderess."

frain in her mind: "You are a murderess."
"You are a murderess."
It was midsummer when she returned to New York. The most of her friends were out of the city for the hot weather. Shutters were closed all along the fashionable street on which her house stood; her home, without Mercedes, was desolate; she pined for her niece; she pined for the earl's society; and, worse than all, a cold shadow lay between her and the sunshine—a grinning skeleton looked at her from every closet: grinning skeleton looked at her from every closet

grinning skeleton looked at her from every closet; her ruined youth stared her in the face.
"I cannot endure this," she said to herself.
"Better all the humiliation and horror of confession, a thousand times over, than this constant dread! If Gascoigne loves me as I love him, he will forgive me. If the truth drives him away from me, better before marriage than after. It will be easier to write to him than to talk to him; I will tell him all in a letter."

The letter was written directed carefully

The letter was written, directed, carefully sealed—and then it lay in her desk, week after week, while other communications were ex-

changed; she never got courage to send it, but was always thinking she would.

One day she received a letter whose uncouth superscription she recognized with terror, mailed from San Francisco. That man could never have good news to write, and she opened the missive reluctantly. missive reluctantly.

"I want you to send that girl back here," it said,
"or you'll be the sickest woman in New York. Her
husband isn't one of the kind to give his wife up to
another man. If he ever meets that Englishman
you sent on here after my daughter there won't be
much left of that chap. If Mrs. Alexander don't
come back and give herself up to her lawful husband by one month from date of this I'm coming on
to New York to interview you again. So, look out!
"That girl is standing in her own light. Why,
her husband is one of our biggest of big-bugs. I
done well by her. She must look out she don't
commit bigamy! Tell her we've scared the lie out
of that half-breed waiting-maid of hers. She owns
up now that she did not take her place and get married to Alexander. She says that was a sell because
you urged her to say so, but she wouldn't dare to
nor didn't want to; that Diego is her young man.
All is up with your game, Mrs. Alexander. Come
home and behave and all will be forgot and forgiven.
"You tell my daughter that, for me. Esther Sil-

given.
"You tell my daughter that, for me, Esther Silverman. Then, if she don't come, I will be there.
Don't you put her up to be disobedient to her father, and her lawful husband. Tell Mr. Essex with

our compliments he'd better quit the country This curious communication was "all Greek to Esther. She knew very little of what was going on in California; Mercedes had not returned to her. What could have happened to her poor darling, she could only vaguely infer from this letter.

She answered it immediately, saying that she knew nothing of her piece and supposed her to

knew nothing of her niece, and supposed her to be with her father. She would have started for California at once; but she expected the earl to arrive within a fortnight.

CHAPTER XVI.

CHAPTER XVI.

LOVE UNDER THE ROSE.

"HUSH, hush! for the love of God!" implored Maraquita, as her young lady continued to scream out that Lord Henry was killed. "The police will arrest us—what will you do then? Perhaps he is only wounded; let us pray so."

Mercedes was beside herself with grief, remorse and horror; her maid took the responsibility of ordering the carriage on to the ferry, which they soon reached. There Mercedes wanted to summon help; but Maraquita assured her that a few moments would make no great difference to the wounded man; if he were goher that a few moments would make no great difference to the wounded man; if he were go-ing to die, he would die—if to get well, he would get well; and they crossed the bay; while Ben Brant, in hot pursuit, had driven, as soon as he could obtain a vehicle, pell-mell to the railroad station, expecting that his daughter would try to take the train, soon to start.

to take the train, soon to start.

When the carriage passed off the boat, Lord
Henry remaining unconscious, it became plain
that they should have to trust the driver with that they should have to trust the driver with the secret of their destination, so he was direct-ed to drive to a certain house of a certain street in Oaklands; and there, after knocking at the door of the humble two-story dwelling, he assist-ed in removing Lord Henry from the coach to a bed on the second floor, the old woman who opened the door and Maraquita being his only help in se doing.

help in so doing.
"You needn't look 's if you's dead an' buried," "You needn't look's if you's dead an burred, said this California Jehu, turning to the pale young lady, after he had given a moment's examination to the wound; "that's nothin' but a flesh-wound, you bet! The scalp's ripped up fur a few inches, an' of course it bleeds. The old lady here will plaster it up all right."

"Oh, are you sure?" cried Mercedes, seizing held of his rough hands.

hold of his rough hands. "I'll bet my bottom dollar on it! Seen lots of pistol-shot wounds. 'Twas a narrow escape from walking through his ear into his brain; but a miss is as good as a mile; so cheer up, an' don't you be downhearted, Miss Brant. He'll pan out

"Ah! you know my name!" cried Mercedes.
"You will not betray us, will you! You will not tell them where we are?" and, still holding his hands, she looked up coaxingly into his fac with her lovely tear-filled eyes, her lips trem

"I never betrayed no woman's confidence yet," said the fellow, who happened to be Sam Bryce, of the old stage route before the days of the railway, "an' ef it's in confidence, why, it's all right! Sam Bryce don't peach on them who trust him. I've helped in more'n one runaway match, Miss Brant; an' I'll help in this, fur the sake o' them pretty bright eyes o' yourn. But Ben Brant's an ugly cuss to tackle. I'll lie to him, though, an' stick to it as tight as the bark to a tree. I'll sw'ar to him I took you to the Alameda station an' started you off fur the East. You lie low an' keep dark till your young man is well, an' I wish you j'y o' your bridal tower." never betrayed no woman's confidence

Mercedes blushed divinely and hung her love-"I'm a thousand times obliged to you, Mr. ryce, for keeping our secret. I shall never, ever forget you! But you are mistaken about

-about us. I am running away; but not to get married. My father is trying to compel me to marry Mr. Alexander, and I will not!"
"Oho! to be sure! I did hear as how Bill

Alexander was going to marry Brant's daugh "He will say that I did marry him—up in the mountains. Mr. Bryce, *I did not*. It was Maraquita, here, who married him. I dressed

her in my dress and put a vail over her face, and he married her, thinking it was I! That was a trick of mine because my father was going to make me marry him. Don't say a word about it, Mr. Bryce; only, when they pretend that Mr. Alexander has a right to search for me, you will know how the matter stands and will hold your peace."

"You bet! Ha! ha! that's a joke on Bill!

You bet! Ha! ha! ha! that sa Joke on Bin!
Let me tell you a secret: I don't love Mr. Goldbug Alexander myself! He's too patternizing—
a durned sight too patternizing! I had a quarrel with him one day, an' I threw it in his face
that he was a little half-starved cuss of a bootblack in '49-50. He won't get no good out of
me! But I must be going, or my team 'Il go on
without me. Jest you keen easy in your mind me! But I must be going, or my team 'il go on without me. Jest you keep easy in your mind, my pretty lady; Sam Bryce is a friend o' yourn as won't tell tales. Here, old lady, is a lot of stickin'-plaster. Allers carry it round with me. Cut away the hair, wash off the blood, and bring the edges together, an' dab on the plaster. Keep him on a low diet fur a day or two. Sorry I can't stay an' fix him up myself; but they may get on the track o' my carriage an' overhaul us. I want to take it away from this vicinity as soon as I kin."

overnant us. I want to take it away from this vicinity as soon as I kin."

"How good you are, Mr. Bryce," murmured Mercedes, actually kissing his dirty brown hand; and Sam went off, muttering:

"She shouldn't 'a' s'iled her rosy lips on my hand ef I'd a-knowed it in time. Bless her sweet eves! she don't mut on no airs like Bill.

sweet eyes! she don't put on no airs like Bill. I'd stand up an' be shot 'fore I'd blow on her! Perhaps she hoped, more than she feared, that nor no bloated aristocrat, like Kearney tells

about. She's a sweet, modest, perlite young lady, an' handsome as a angel. I'll stan' by her, against her own daddy, or anybuddy else."
And so he did; for the following morning he misled Alexander completely as to the direction in which he had taken the runaways, nor did he let Brant have the satisfaction of knowing that he had wounded the Englishman.

For a day or two they supposed Mercedes was on her way back to New York; but a series of telegrams to and from the conductors of the train assured them such was not the case.

The keen sting of jealousy was added to Alexander's rage, since Ben had told him the two women did not go off alone. He swore some strong oaths that he would have his way, and revenge into the bargain.

Pressing business at the Josephine mines demanded Brant's speedy return; so, after writing to Esther Silverman, in case his daughter had or should find her way back to her aunt, he left the affair for the present in Alexander's hands.

The "gold-bug" had every policeman in the

hands.

The "gold-bug" had every policeman in the city acting in his interest, keeping a sharp lookout for any one of the three people described

A large reward was promised to the one who should put Alexander on the right track. This hunt extended to the steamers and nearest railway stations; so that it seemed as if our trio could not long remain hidden in the place where they were where they were.

Yet two or three weeks slipped away without

Yet two or three weeks slipped away without their retreat being discovered.

The Englishman's baggage remained unclaimed at the hotel. Alexander nursed his wrath, longing for the hour of revenge. If he could anywhere have met or found Lord Henry he would have shot him on sight. Yet he knew nothing of him except that he had aided Mercedes to run away.

des to run away.

Alexander knew, in his heart, that the two women had outwitted him, and that he had married the humble Maraquita; but he refused to acknowledge it even to himself, so determined was he now to have the proud Mercedes

cedes.

His course, therefore, was to affirm that she was his wife, and he so gave out the night of the runaway, at the hotel, and afterward.

When asked what he married a woman for who did not want to live with him, he answered that she had wedded him willingly enough and really loved him; but that "infernal jade, Maraquita, had told her some stories which had rendered her furious with jealousy, and she had gone off in a flurry; he had no doubt she would return to him when her fit of the sulks was over!"

Meantime, in the little home of Diego's mo-ther, was being lived one of those chapters of romance which are worth all the rest of the

romance which are worth all the rest of the prosaic story of life.

The wound had proven to be as slight as Sam Bryce predicted. The shock had produced unconsciousness and there was considerable loss of blood—just enough to lend an interesting pallor to the young face of the hero, and to produce in him that state of languid sensibility most delicately alive to the charming impressions made upon him by the visits of the exquisite being in whose cause he had received his injury.

The old woman took care of him, Maraquita cooked his broths and his porter-house steak when that was allowed, but Mercedes entertained him.

When the hostess went to market the yo When the hostess went to market the young lady always sent for a fresh bouquet of white half-blown roses and unfolding buds, and these she herself carried in to the invalid. She wanted to read to him, but there were no books in the house, and to send for any by the illiterate old woman would be to invite suspicion. Neither she nor Maraquita dared so much as to appear before the windows. Thus, being unable to procure reading matter, it became her duty to make conversation take the place of books for an hour or two every morning and evenfor an hour or two every morning and even

Lord Henry got to know quite intimately the tastes, fancies and ideas of the beautiful girl with whom he had fallen truly in love at first sight.

first sight.

The better he became acquainted with her the more he liked her and admired her. The admiration was mutual.

Yet the first word of love had yet to be spoken. The strange circumstances in which the young lady was involved, were an insuperable barrier to the expression of his passion to the proud young Englishman. Mercedes had given him, the first day she had found him able to listen, a brief history of her acquaintance with Mr. Alexander; and though now she saw many reasons why she should not have placed herself in a false position by allowing Mr. Alexander for six weeks, to suppose her his wife, and bitterly regretted having taken that way out of her difficulties—a way which, at the time, she thought would not only free herself, but right poor Maraquita—it did not render the situation any the less embarrassing and insecure.

Lord Henry found fault with her for having drawarket she did; he was evidenly troubled at

Lord Henry found fault with her for having done what she did; he was evidenly troubled at the thought of her father, and the mystery involving her not knowing until recently that her father was alive; yet did this keep the flash from lighting up his blue eyes when he heard her knock at his door? Did it keep the blood from flushing his pale face and tingling and throbbing in his pulses? Did it keep his voice from softening when he spoke to her? Was her company any the less dear to him?

Ah! magic and witchery that comes with the

company any the less dear to him?
Ah! magic and witchery that comes with the
society of her one loves! Delicate fascination!
Fine as the silver gossamer of the spider's
silken web, yet strong as filaments of steel, are
the meshes of the web that twines about the
lover and binds him to her he loves!

Mercedes only too well realized that she was
involved in descripte trouble and dire doubt.

involved in desperate trouble and dire doubt, but none the less the present hour was full of delicious happiness. She could not "look before or after," or "pine for what was not." The only man in the world who could call the blush to her cheeks and the thrill to her bosom was here in this proof little house with her! They here in this poor little house, with her! They were prisoners together. He had periled his life for her! Oh, how beautiful and wonderful, how wise and considerate, how good and delicate

he was!

It was no hardship for her to be shut up here so long as Lord Henry remained. All the

here so long as Lord Henry remained. All the grace and glory of earth were to be found in those four poor walls of a little hot plain house, baking in the summer's sun.

Mercedes pondered much over the little grain of information he vouchsafed her in regard to aunt Esther and his father.

"Pm quite certain they intend to marry each other," Lord Henry said, and then the two had looked at each other and both had blushed, and Mercedes had murmured, "How singular!"
But now, alast the young gentleman was get-

But now, alas! the young gentleman was get-ting well frightfully fast! There was no longer an excuse for his keeping to his bed or his room.

an excuse for his keeping to his bed or his room.

No excuse for his lingering day after day in
the little sitting-room. He must send for his
luggage—he must go away—back to England.

About this time Sam Bryce paid them an
evening visit, bringing a part of my lord's luggage with him, which he had deftly extracted
from the haggage-room, when sent for trunks from the baggage-room, when sent for trunks belonging to other travelers. Henry was grate-ful, and showed that he was; Mercedes smiled her very brightest on the ex-stage-driver, gave the news—that Brant had returned gave the news—that Brant had returned to the mines—that Alexander had engaged the police to keep a sharp look-out for "his wife," and had privately sworn to shoot "the blank English puppy, on sight." The young lady gave Sam a purse she had knit for him out of silk and gold vs-that Brant had returned to the

beads, which pleased him mightily.

As it was a very dark night my lord ventured to walk a few steps with him, on his way back he station. Why don't you marry the young lady an

"Why don't you marry the young lady an' make tracks afore her father gits back, or tother one shoots you?" Sam asked, in guarded tones, as his noble friend walked by his side.

The haughty color burned on the young lord's cheek at the implication that "her father" might object to him! This was turning the tables with a vengeance! That rough old miner

object to an earl's son! Henry thought of his home at Roselm, his palace in Mayfair, his place at court, and almost laughed, only he was too unhappy about the matter to enjoy its ludicrous soul's center, and all of her was crying out in speechlessness of suffering.

Then, she heard footsteps coming, and the soft rustle of a woman's skirts over the moist sands, weeks of glad sunshiny weather, and sparkling.

"I shall not run away for fear a braggart might assassinate me," was the rather lofty reply. "As to her father, if I were certuin that Miss Brant was legally free from the scoundrel who claims her as his wife, I should be quite willing to defy him. It is the matter of the pretended marriage that troubles me, Mr. Bryce."

"Now, just you marry the girl an' yer all right. That little black-eyed critter is the real wife, no mistake. You don't run no resk thar, my friend. An' you won't be makin' sech a bad match, nuther, ef ye are got a title tacked on to the tail of yer name. Most folks likes money. Money covers a multitude o' sins. Money's good to have, even for an earl's son. They tell me Ben Brant's got silver enough to build a tenacre house outen the solid bricks, an' enough left over to rail in a perrarie, an' gold enough fur trimmin's. He's the owner of a bona fide bonanza, he is; an' a little of that ar' silver would go good to enrich the worn-out sile o' yer pater-I shall not run away for fear a braggart

trimmin's. He's tile owner and that ar' silver would nanza, he is; an' a little of that ar' silver would go good to enrich the worn-out sile o' yer paternal estates. Put that in yer daddy's pipe, an' smoke it! To say nothin' of the beauty of that ar' partikelar girl! I'm proud of her as a specimen, I am! Yer needn't tell me thar's any such ladies where you come from. Queen Victory's daughters can't hold a candle to Miss Mercedes!"

The young nobleman was unused to hearing such familiar talk from an inferior; hardly knowing whether to resent it or take it goodnaturedly, he kept silent.

"Bill Alexander's actooaly growing thin," went on Sam, unabashed. "He's fretting his-

"Bill Alexander's actooaly growing thin," went on Sam, unabashed. "He's fretting hisself to a shadder. I tole him yesterday he'd do to cut bread with, he was gittin'so sharp. Furmy part, I'm sure, that little black-eyed witch, Keety, is good enough fur him. That gal will do some mischief, yit, sure's my name's Sam Bryce! It's in her! I'd ruther fool with a three-year-old colt than a woman with them eyes! You can git out o' the way of a colt's heels, but you can't guard ag'in' a jealous girl what you've made false promises to. Them's my sentiments."

"Perhaps you are right," Lord Henry felt he must make some answer—"but she seems a gentle, kind creature."

"O' course, of course! Them kind is gentle, an' good, an' self-denyin', an' can't do enough for you, an' all that!—as long as you treat 'em right. But, lie to 'em, an' deceive 'em, an' see how the fire will flash! I tell you, sir, it strikes me that Keety's broodin' an' broodin'; an' somethin' will come of it!"

thin' will come of it!"
"Well, I'm much obliged to you for all your kindness, Mr. Bryce; and I'll bid you goodnight, now."
"Good-night, sir; an' if thar's news, I'll con-

trive to let you know."
"Thank you. I've made up my mind to leave

"Thank you. I've made up my mind to leave here day-after-to-morrow."

Sam Bryce opened his mouth very wide; then shut it again without saying anything.

"An' leave her behind, you pale-livered English cuss!" was what he wanted to exclaim.

Lord Henry regained the little house where he had spent the very happiest hours of a happy life, full of serious thought, pondering what he should do. The most important decision of his life had to be made. He could not remain on and on indefinitely, in that humble home, as he and on indefinitely, in that humble home, as he would have liked. He owed it to his father to explain where he was. He owed it to Mercedes either to avow himself, or quit her society at once and forever. He knew that she loved him and that he madly worshiped her. Yet, what

and that he mainy worsinged her. Tet, what could he do?

What he wanted to do was this: to see Mercedes safely back in her aunt's house in New York. Once again under her aunt's protection, they could afford to wait a few months and be married in a proper and dignified way when they were married. Meantime, this Alexander must be silenced. "Cæsar's wife must be above sus picion:" Lord Henry revolted at the thought of his wife being the subject of gossip.

He had been informed by Bryce that Alexander had hired men to watch the departing passengers of every train, not only from the city itself, but every station within fifty miles. So he knew that if he attempted to escort the young lady to any train, there would be an unpleasant scene.

He was so sad and lost in thought that Mer-

He was so sad and lost in thought that Mercedes, feeling that the hour of their separation drew nigh, grew very pale and silent.

She grew indignant, too. Her heart throbbed painfully with the heavy consciousness that Lord Henry's love was no match for her own. Would she have hesitated? Would any cloud of sorrow or searched about him have kent her of sorrow or scandal about him have kept her away if he had called

Suddenly turning his gaze upon her, he saw her lithe figure drawn up with its proudest ex-pression, and that those beautiful eyes were

fixed upon him with pity and reproach.

This made him see his own hesitation in its true light. He arose and went toward her, passionate words on his lips, when Maraquita, blanched and wide-eyed, rushed into the room,

tress! Alexander is at the door, with three officers," and as she spoke a loud knock almost shook the little house.

(To be continued-commenced in No. 431.)

Kismet.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

THE full brass band in the pavilion in front of the Ocean Avenue House was playing Abt's exquisite serenade—"Sleep well, sweet angel;" the breeze was blowing in gentle salt gusts from off the ocean; the first tender tints of a summer twilight were falling on land and sea, while low down in the opaline horizon, as if arising from its royal couch in the waves, a full golden moon

ur, the place, the surroundings, impressed Mabel Gracien strongly, as she sat on the sands, entirely alone, remote from the throngs of more frivolous, less thoughtful peo-

She had spread her gray blanket shawl on the beach, making a little carpet of it, and there she half sat, half reclined, leaning on one hand whose elbow supported her head—there she sat, fair, very fair to see, with her sweet, wistful eyes looking out on the waters as if searching for solution to the look of piteous questioning that have recleiched a night six

for solution to the look of piteous questioning that had never left her eyes since a night, six months back, when Robert Holm had turned angrily away from her, refusing to listen to her explanations, coldly declining to believe her anguished protestations of love and loyalty.

She certainly had loved him well—so well that she never for a moment had ceased thinking of him since, thinking of him as she thought of him now, as she sat on the sands, listening to the beat of the surf, the rhythm of the low tender refrain—"Sleep well, sleep well!"—harmonies that stirred her pulses and awoke such passionful yearning for the one only man she had ever loved, or whose kisses had been laid on her lips.

Mabel Gracien was one of those ardent recep-Mabel Gracien was one of those ardent receptive natures on whom the masterfulness and tenderness of such a character as Robert Holm's could scarcely fail of leaving abiding impressions; and added to her sweet impulse of temperament was the very essence of true womanly loyalty and worship—that loyalty whose motto is—"The king can do no wrong," and which makes the lover king over all.

It was little wonder then, that since the breach between her and her lover, the shadows had

between her and her lover, the shadows had crept to her eyes, not to be dissipated, the piteous patience of pain that only a passion-hearted woman ever felt, had come to her sweet face; it was no wonder that they had written their sad story there, or that to-night the anches in the orange of the story there, or that to-night the anches the silent we around the crept to her eyes, not to be dissipated, the piteous patience of pain that only a passion-hearted
woman ever felt, had come to her sweet face;
it was no wonder that they had written
their sad story there, or that to-night the anguish in the eyes, the silent woe around the
proud lips should be deeper, for the music and
the witchery of the dusk and the solemn thunder of the ceaseless surf were stirring her to her

overpowered life, and left her powerless to
joy at the fate that would have come to her in
joy at the fate that would have come to her in
joy at the fate that would have come to her in
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joy at the fate that would have come to her in
in the powerless to
joy at the fate that would have come to her in
joy at the fate that would have come to her in
with us; there is plenty of room."
Five minutes after, Martin and his man go ashore
with us; there is plenty of room."
The minutes after, Martin and his man go ashore
with us; there is plenty of room."
The minutes after, Martin and his man go ashore
with us; there is plenty of room."
The minutes after, Martin appeared on deck,
his burden in his arms, and descended into the
cutter and took a seat in the boat was pushed off and soon landed
at a pier, when Rafael sent a seaman to call two
volantes.

rustle of a woman's skirts over the moist sands, and then, as a lady and gentleman passed her. Robert 'Holm's well-known voice addressed his companion—simple, common-place words enough, but they made Mabel Gracien fear, for a moment, that she would die of the shock, the startling surprise of pain.

"Take care, Elsie; the wash came nearly to your feet then."

Then a little feminine scream, a gathering of snowy, fluted ruffled skirt, a glimpse of dainty.

Then a little feminine scream, a gathering of snowy, fluted ruffled skirt, a glimpse of dainty. French-slippered feet and pale, salmon silk hose, a little laugh from Robert Holm, and the two passed on beyond, away from her. She had scarcely strength to look up from beneath her wide-rimmed hat, even to look after him, her love, her idol, on whose arm a fair girl was leaving so confidently listening without doubt. leaning so confidingly, listening, without doubt, to the same sweet, persuasive voice, that had even yet the same power to thrill her own poor

sick heart.

She lifted her eyes, dark with agony, and looked at him, with such craving hunger in her gaze that it would have broken his heart to have seen; looked at him, so grandly handsome and strengthful and manly; looked at the proud set head, with the short-cut, curling hair she had

set head, with the short-cut, curling hair she had more than once kissed in a very passion of tenderness, the broad, square shoulder against which the girl's bare head just reached.

Then she looked at her—tiny, graceful, stylish, with her fair hair floating softly in the seabreeze, her cheeks pink as an oleander bud, her laughing lips the luscious tint of wet coral.

"Elsie!" He must have cared for her very, "Elsie!" He must have cared for her very, very much, he must be on closely intimate terms to call her by her lovely Christian name—and great deathly pangs of faint, jealous agony surged over and over this woman who would have died for Robert Holm's sake—for Robert Holm's sake, and he going further and further away from her, with Elsie Wynne's sweet eyes looking in his face, her beautiful hand nestling on his arm.

Gradually they went beyond her range of vision, never having seen her, never having dreamed of her vicinity, never having thought of her at all. She moaned to herself as she crouched down nearer the salt sand, feeling with every roll and break of the foamy surf at her feet, with every minor chord of the serenade by the band, that her life was being wrenched from her by those pangs of dumb,

wrenched from her by those pangs of dumb

writhing agony.

Then, the sky grew darker and darker, and a Then, the sky grew darker and darker, and a few stars came out, and the moon soared high and higher. People went back to the hotels along the bluff, and the music adjourned to the ball-room; and it seemed to Mabel Gracien that she was solitary and deserted in the world, with only the stars and the sea and her woe left to her breaking heart that loved, as women so often do, too well; that loved, as women so pitifully often do, so many thousand-fold more than they are beloved in return.

The hush of the solemn midnight was on land and sea, seeming to Robert Holm as if the very and sea, seeming to Kobert Holm as it the very silence was eloquent with memories of the past. He had spent an hour or so at the hop earlier in the night, then had bidden Elsie Wynne good-night, and had gone to his own rooms where for an hour or more he had worked hard and steadily at his literary duties—for to Robert Holm there was no such thing as absolute rest even at the seaside, on what he termed his vacation

even at the seaside, on what he termed his vacation.

He was making a glorious reputation. His novels were the sensation of the day, and the reading world had gone ecstasy-mad over them. He was coining money; fair women adored him, men congratulated him, strangers looked at him as if he were a species of some extinct race—fortune favored him every way, except—It was that exception of which he was thinking as he sat on the upper balcony, smoking his cigar, its fiery tip making a pale light in the yellow moonlight—that exception of which he had thought every hour of his life, of which he had thought every hour since he and the only woman he had ever loved had parted from each other, months ago, and of whom he had never uttered a word of inquiry because he was proud and—conscience guilty, knowing he had been hard and merciless in his anger.

Once or twice he had heard her name mentioned, casually; beyond that, it was as if the sea had swallowed her.

He had regretted something very much—as much as it is possible for a man ever to regret.

He had regretted something very much—as much as it is possible for a man ever to regret anything where a woman is concerned. He had missed her very much—missed the soft touches of her hand, the uplifted eyes full of adoring pride, the voice that thrilled with passion, the lips that quivered beneath his kisses—he missed them, and yet, manlike, he would have rather forever gone on missing them than to have admitted the loss he felt.

Yet he loved her—certainly not as she loved

Yet he loved her—certainly not as she loved him, or he would have gone to her and took her back to his arms again; he loved her so well that even Elsie Wynne's sweetness and shyness had not yet been powerful enough to make him will-ing to plant an eternal barrier between him and Mabel Gracien by asking Elsie to be his wife.

Somehow, it seemed to him that the time must come when Fate would order their meeting—his and Mabel Gracten's; and, while he actually depended on such a future hope, he was yet perfectly willing to permit Elsie Wynne to try her chances upon him.

I hope I am not making Robert Holm out to

try her chances upon him.

I hope I am not making Robert Holm out to be a worse man than he was, for really he was an average good fellow—only, the woman who loved him did as women are too apt to do, made an ideal of him and worshiped it, honestly believing the real man possessed all the attributes of the ideal

To-night, all alone there, Robert Holm was actually yearning for Mabel Gracien—wondering where in the wide world she was, little dreaming that exactly opposite where he sat the midnight stars were looking down on such an agony of heart as makes it seem a curse for omen to be given the capacity of passionate

Sitting there, he realized more keenly than he ever had realized before what was lost from his life because of Mabel Gracien. He understood, as somehow he never had understood before, how beautifully perfect his life would have been

he knew so well had given all her young love to him, and which he saw very plainly to-night would never satisfy him as Mabel's love had done, would yet do—if he but found her. It was then that he made up his mind to find her, to win her back. It was then he decided how imperfect Elsie Wynne's love was compared with Mabel's; it was then he made up his mind that he should never ask Elsie to be his wife—poor, innocent, little blue-eyed girl, that very moment dreaming of him!

After that, he put out his light and went to bed, and slept well and dreamlessly, while—

Almost the first words he heard when he went Almost the first words he head was the news down to his nine o'clock breakfast was the news that Miss Gracien, of the Ocean Avenue House, had been found, early that dawning, lying dead

on the sands.

Mabel Gracien—whose love and pain had overpowered life, and left her powerless to joy at the fate that would have come to her such a little while—powerless to suffer more of the mad torture that killed her.

Of course the doctors said heart discovery.

sea and sweet, soft winds, and moonlight and

And she never knew the price of her happiness—that from all eternity it had been written against the name of one woman Robert Holm loved, to die for his sake that she might reap her harvest of perfect content.

THIS IS THE SAME OLD MANSION

BY WM. W. LONG.

This is the same old mansion,
Mossy and grim and gray,
And the summer sunlight falleth
As bright and fair to-day.
The bluebird sings in the cedars,
in a low, sweet monotone;
An the path all lined with roses
Winds up to the old door-stone.

Springs the same young swallows,
From sunny isles o'er the sea,
And the heart of the June rose opens
To the kiss of the roaming bee.
The lark soars up in the ether
Of the beautiful bright blue sky,
And the winds of the forest whisper
As they wander softly by.

'Twas here in the glow of sunset
We rambled amid the flowers;
Nor counted the moments as they flew
On wings of golden hours;
But now in midsummer's beauty
My heart is cold and dead,
Like the shattered strings of a broken lute
Whence sweetest sounds have fled.

My feet tread alone each chamber,
So bright in the days of old;
The old house now is vacant,
The hearth-fire dark and cold!
Yet a sweet face ever haunts me—
A face with a rosy glow,
And the soft shy look she gave me
In this old home, years ago.

The Pirate Prince;

Pretty Nelly, the Queen of the Isle.

BY COL. PRENTISS INGRAHAM. AUTHOR OF "CAPTAIN OF CAPTAINS," "THE RIVAL LIEUTENANTS," "THE GIRL GUIDE,"
"THE BOY TERROR," "THE SKELETON
CORSAIR," "THE BOY CHIEF," "DIAMOND DIRK," "THE FLYING YANKEE," "WITHOUT A HEART," ETC., ETC., ETC.

> CHAPTER XXIV. UNDER THE SHADOW OF EL MORO.

HAVING gained an offing from the Buccaneer Island, Captain Rafael left the deck in charge of Coxswain Morton, promoted for the time being to the second in command of the carera, a position that the new officer was exceedingly

proud of.

"How shall I head, sir?" asked Matt Morton, as Rafael turned away.

"As you are for the present. I was just going into the cabin to consult the lady passenger regarding her desires as to where she will land."

Entering the sumptuously-furnished cabin, Captain Rafael found his fair passenger reclining upon a silken divan, her face aglow with hope, while at her side knelt the old negress, a murmur of joy escaping her lips in monoto-

nurmur of joy escaping her lips in monoto is strain.
Pardon my intrusion, senorita, but I come

"Pardon my intrusion, senorita, but I come to ask if you prefer to land at your own home, or would have me carry you to Havana?" and Rafael stood politely, with uncovered head, before the beautiful girl, who replied quickly:

"Be seated, senor capitan, and we will decide between us; but, dare you enter Havana with your wessel?"

your vessel?"

"Yes, lady, I dare go anywhere; but of course not in the garb you know me. If I run into Havana, I am a south-side planter, and this is my yacht—my name being Don Bernado Rosalia—"

"I understand concerni

Rafael said, somewhat bitterly:

"It is kind of Magdalen, for my prosperity is other people's ruin; but I am glad, senorita, to have won your blessings instead of your curses; then, if you are willing, I will carry you to Havana, running in by night, and landing under cover of the darkness, for I do not wish to at-

ract more attention than is necessary. You ave friends in Havana?"
"Yes, an uncle—General Muriel Sebastian." 'Indeed! he commands the Moro Castle," said

Rafael, in some surprise.
"Yes, senor, and he is as stern as those old castle walls; but not to me, for he has been ever kind, and my mother, his sister, was the being he most loved in the world; but am I not tiring

you, and also depriving you of your cabin?"
"Oh, no! not tiring me, and I have delightful quarters beyond this cabin, which is wholly at your service, and none will disturb you. Now will return to the deck and lay our course for You are running a terrible risk, senor. Sup

pose, after all, you land me at some place on the coast."

"No, I am going to Havana anyhow, and one who leads the life I do carries Fate in his hands. There are refreshments, senorita, and if I can serve you in any way, please command me. Buenas noches," and Captain Rafael returned to the deck, and the carera was put away for Ha-

Upon the night following the departure from the island, the pretty little vessel glided swiftly in under the shadows of the Moro, and dropped anchor close in shore.

"Now, senorita, I am ready to escort you to your uncle," and Rafael again entered the cabin, where Inez Revilla and Magdalen awaited him,

she was.

All his pulses leaped as the thought came to him as it had never come before.

"My little Mabel! My own little girl whose love alone can bless me! Where shall I seek her? How can I find her?"

Then he thought of Elsie Wynne, and her sweetness and her girlish shyness, so mingled with womanly tenderness—Elsie Wynne, who he knew so well had given all her young love to him, and which he saw very plainly to-night had given to make the saw very plainly to-night had given all her young love to him, and which he saw very plainly to-night had given all her young love to him.

Moro, where my uncle lives."

"I know; it is early and we will find him up; besides, I have long had a desire to see the interior of the Moro," said Rafael, carelessly.

Offering his arm he led the maiden on deck, and Matt Morton politely saluted him, as he asked.

asked:

asked:

"Can I send Martin ashore, sir, in a boat, with the sick fisherman?"

"Certainly; I had forgotten him. Give Martin gold to defray the expenses of the poor fellow at some pulperia until he recovers—"

"Or dies; he is very low, sir," said the sympathizing coxswain, who felt an interest in the sick fisherman according to his regard for Pretty Nellie.

to escort her to it; but she drew back.

''No, senor capitan, he is suffering and should be the first cared for. Let them go in this vehicle; another will soon arrive."

"As you please, senorita. Here, my man, take your patient in this volunte, and when you have found him quarters and made him comfortable, return to this landing and a boat will meet you."

Martin obeyed this order with alacrity, inwardly blessing the maiden for first thinking of his patient and getting him out from un-der the eagle eye of the young chief, for he was in constant dread of discovery, and the nearer he drew to safety the more nervous he became.

As for Paul Melville, he was perfectly calm.

If it came to the worst, he could raise the alarm, declare that Rafael the Rover was there, and he could soon prove that he was a commissioned officer in the navy of the United States.

and in perfect Spanish.

A moment after the volante wheeled rapidly away, as a second one dashed up, and drew rein near the boat. Into this vehicle Rafael helped the Senorita Inez and Magdalen, and then sprung in himself. "To the Moro—the commandant's quarters,"

uncle, senorita."

Before the maiden could reply, an officer stood by the side of the vehicle.

"I would see General Sebastian, senor; I have his niece, the Senorita Revilla, with me."

"Certainly, senor; he will most gladly welcome you, for the mysterious disappearance of the senorite has pained him deeply. Your the senorita has pained him deeply. Your name, senor, and I will announce you."
"Don Bernado Rosalia."

"Si, senor," and the officer disappeared to return the next instant, accompanied by a distinguished-looking man in the full uniform of a Spanish general, and with a glad cry the maiden found herself clasped in her uncle's arms.

"Ah, cara mia, I welcome you again and again! I believed you forever lost to me; but tell me, where have you been, and to whom do we owe your rescue?"

"Uncle, this is the gentleman to whom I owe so wuch—Don Bernado Rosalia. He it was so much—Don Bernado Rosalia. He it was who saved me from that wretched buccaneer, Luis Ramirez—" Ha! it is as I have heard—Luis Ramirez is

"Ha! it is as I have heard—Luis Ramirez is then a corsair?
"But, senor, pardon me, if, in the joy of my niece's return, I have seemed to slight you—it was unintentional, senor, I assure you, and you must now come in and have wine with me; but how is it you rescued Inez?—pray tell me."
"There is an island, senor general, near my home, where I often hunt; it is sometimes occupied by buccaneers, and it was there that Ramirez took the senorita, and held her in imprisonment, while he was on a cruise, hoping, upon

ment, while he was on a cruise, hoping, upon his return, that she would be forced to marry him; but my visiting the island broke up his lit-tle plans, as I found there the senorita and brought her home—that is the whole story, se-

brought her home—that is the whole story, senor general."

"And I have to thank you, senor, more than I can ever express; but if you will not accept my hospitalities while in Havana, you must take wine with me. Here, Pedro, bring wine and glasses," and the general called to a servant, while he continued:

"At what hotel will you stop, senor, for I would do myself the honor of a call upon you?"

"I shall remain upon my carera, senor. If I do not sail with the morning tide, it will give me pleasure to see you, and the senorita, on board to-morrow. The lady Inez knows my vessel well, and can see if I have gone, for we are anchored near here."

"We will certainly come if you are in port.
Now, senor, I drink your very good health, and
to our better acquaintance."
The toast was drank, and Rafael said,

quietly: "And now, senorita, to your future happi-

ness."
Inez Revilla bowed low, and a blush came over her cheeks, which, the moment after, were pale, for each instant she dreaded that her brave preserver would be found out in his real

character.

But, without discovery, Rafael bade adios to his fair passenger and the commandant, and springing into the volante, was soon at the landg once more.
"Has Martin returned, coxswain?" he asked,

of the man in charge of the boat.

"No, senor; but the volante driver brought you this note," and the seaman handed a missive to Rafael, not thinking it worth while to say anything about a letter he had to deliver to Matt Morton, and which he had received from

he driver of the volante.
"I will read it when I get on board; pull for Arriving at the vessel, the buccaneer chief entered the cabin and glanced at the note. It ran as follows:

"Senor Capitan:
"Desirous of leading a new life, and conscience-tricken at my past career of crime, I have deter-nined not to return on board the carera.
"It will be useless to search for me, as I will not

be found.

"The wounded fisherman I left in comfortable quarters, and those caring for him will be liberally rewarded.

"Now, capitan, I bid you adios, with every wish for your welfare, for you have ever been toward me a kind and noble commander.

"Your servant,

"ED MARTIN.

"P. S. You may rest assured that I will not be tray you or my comrades. I shall know nothing of the carera or her movements.

"E. M."

the carera or her movements.

"Well, if he keeps his good resolutions I will not regret that he is gone; but I must put at once to sea, for he may betray me. I can land on the coast somewhere, and come from thence back to Havana. Mr. Morton."

"Ay, ay, sir," rung out Matt Morton, who, when called by his captain, had just finished reading by the binnacle light, the address upon a sealed letter, handed him slyly by the boat's coxswain, when he came on board.

The letter was addressed as follows:

"TO THE SENORITA NELLIE.

"Kindness
"Acting Lieutenant,
"Acting Lieutenant,
"MATT MORTON." It was the "acting lieutenant" that particularly pleased the officer, and putting the letter away in his pocket, he descended into the

cabin.

"Morton, up with the anchor, and we will put at once to sea."

"But the seaman, sir—Martin?"

"Will remain for the present in Havana."

"Ay, ay, sir," and ten minutes after the carera was gliding seaward, while a pair of dark eyes, dimmed with tears, were watching her flight from a window in the gloomy Moro's walls, and murmuring a prayer for the man who had saved her from the terrible fate that had threatened her.

"He is gone! Will I never see him more?" and with a deep sigh Inez Revilla turned sadly away from the window, an aching void in her heart.

CHAPTER XXV.

A STRATEGIC MOVE,

THOUGH Captain Rafael was perhaps right, in not feeling perfect confidence in the word of flirtation with some of these dark-faced senormartin, not to betray him, he would certainly have felt sorry to have doubted him, had he caught sight of the deserter a few moments after he had dispatched the letter to his command-

One soon arrived, and Rafael called to Inez, er, and known what was passing in the thoughts

of the honest fellow.

Upon entering the volante Martin had given orders to drive to a certain pulperia, where sailors congregated when in port; but as soon as they had gone a square he changed the order, at the suggestion of Paul Melville, and they were put down at the side door of the Cuban host, Pedro Nunez, who upon seeing a vehicle drive up hastily came out to receive its occupants.

pants.
"Welcome, senores, welcome; you desire rooms doubtless?"

rooms doubtless;"
Having thrown aside his wig, beard, bandages
and suit of fisherman attire, Paul Melville
sprung out in his proper attire, and said gayly,
for he no longer felt himself under the dread of

"Ah, Senor Nunez, I see that you do not know me. I did leave you rather unceremoniously, a short while since, but I have returned, you

officer in the navy of the United States.

But unsuspecting that Paul Melville was even alive, Rafael of course had no suspicion of who was at his very side, and aided Martin and his charge into the volante.

"Gracias, senor, gracias, senor capitan," said Paul Melville, in a faint voice, to Rafael, and in perfect Spanish.

"The nave returned, you see. I suppose you have my traps safe?"

"A month of the The nave returned, you see. I suppose you have my traps safe?"

"A month of the navy of the United States.

a short white since, but I have returned, you see. I suppose you have my traps safe?"

"A hundrissima! I know you now, senor. I feared you had been dealt foully with; but I am glad to see you back. Yes, your baggage is —one of your men, I suppose?" and Pedro glanced at the seaman's suit worn by Ed Martin and his charge into the volunte.

"No, he is my friend, and I will go at once to my room, and this gentleman needs one, too— next to mine—and, Senor Nunez, we do not wish any one to know of our arrival here—you understand?"

"To the Moro—the commandant's quarters," he said to the driver, and the heavy carriage rumbled along the streets on its way to the gunguarded fortress.

A short drive and the vehicle was admitted through the massive gateway, and drew rein in front of the quarters of the commandant.

"Now, senor, you will leave me here?" pleaded Inez, grasping the hand of the buccaneer.

"No, I will give you into the charge of your uncle, senorita."

Before the maiden could reply, an officer stood by the side of the vehicle.

"I would see General Sebastian, senor; I

tend sending."

Calling for writing materials the two men sat down, and while both of them wrote to Nellie, Martin also inscribed a note to Captain Rafael, the same which the reader has already heard

His note to Nellie was as follows:

"In safety I reached here with the poor fisherman, who bore the voyage exceedingly well, and we are both located in a pulperia where every attention will be shown us.

"Need I say that I thank you for giving me the means to escape and lead a different life?

"I think you will believe me when I say that I will not again commit orime, and through my life shall bless you as the guardian angel of the better career that is open before me."

There was no signature, and yet Martin knew hat Nellie would recognize the writer, though she had never seen his writing.

In the mean time Paul Melville wrote to the maiden, and in such a way as not to arouse suspicion if the letter were seen by other eyes than those for which it was intended.

those for which it was intended.

These missives were then placed in the hands of the driver of the volante, along with a handful of pesos, and instructions to deliver them to the coxswain of the boat, who in turn was to hand them to Matt Morton.

The driver was also requested, by a liberal bribe, not to make known, if asked, where he had driven his passengers.

After partaking of a hearty supper, washed down with rare old Spanish wine, Paul Melville retired for the night, while Martin went down into the saloon of the hotel.

As he took a seat at one of the tables he saw four seamen, whose conversation soon made

As he took a seat at one of the tables he saw four seamen, whose conversation soon made known to him that they belonged to the American sloop-of-war Sea Hawk, and his face paled, for there flashed across his mind the substance of a conversation he had overheard between the old buccaneer chief and Captain Rafael, for, upon the arrival of the schooner in the basin, he was engaged upon some work just outside of the head-quarter cabin.

"Nombre de Dios!" he exclaimed, half-aloud, "I must protect Captain Rafael or he will fall

"Nombre de Dios!" he exclaimed, half-aloud, "I must protect Captain Rafael or he will fall into a trap. I remember, he told the old chief, he intended going on the Sea Hawk, and representing himself as Lieutenant Paul Melville. "Now all this was well enough if the lieutenant was out of the way, and would be now if he had been hung, as sentenced, at the yard-arm; but with that officer now in Havana, and ready to go upon the Sea Hawk as soon as he gets a little rest, it will be a bad thing for the captain to go aboard to impersonate a man who may appear at any moment. This must not be, and I will go at once down to the landing, see Captain Rafael, and tell him, to my suprise, I found that the supposed fisherman was none other than the supposed fisherman was none other than Paul Melville.

"I will also, not to get that noble girl in trouble, tell him that the lieutenant had bribed the guard to let him escape, and that same guard had said Pretty Nellie was sending the guard had said Pretty Nellie was sending the wounded fisherman to Havana, and that they had thrown the poor devil from the cliff, dressed the officer up in his clothes, and thus left him in the cabin, deceiving both the maiden and myself. This I will say Melville told me, and the result will be that those two fellows, Salvador and Merdito will be executed; but they are bad men anyhow, and it will little matter so I save the girl from suspicion.

"Yes, I will go and tell this story, and say that the lieutenant went at once on board the Sea Hawk, and this will save the captain—but, sainted Virgin! if he should hold me! No, he will not do that. At any rate I will risk it."

Quickly leaving the saloon Martin walked rapidly toward the landing, off which the carera had anchored; but he was too late, for the little vessel was dimly visible in the distance going seaward.

going seaward.
"Too bad! The carera has gone back to the island, and Captain Rafael has remained in town to carry out his foolhardy idea of going on board the Sea Hawk as Paul Melville. Well,

board the Sea Hawk as Paul Melville. Well, what can 1 do?

"If I place myself on the pier opposite the vessel-of-war I may be recognized by some one as a buccaneer, and may not, after all, see the captain. Ah! I have it! I will prevent Paul Melville from going out until after the Sea Hawk has sailed.

"But how? There's the rub; but I will do it, if I have to—" here there came an angry light in his eyes, and he continued, almost savagely:

"He is a traitor anyhow, and I will not trust him, while Captain Rafael twice saved my life Yes, if one of them must be sacrificed, it shall

They made to them the sacrificed, it shall not be the captain."

Having made up his mind upon this point Martin returned rapidly toward the pulperia, and finding the four American seamen still drinking in the saloon, he called for wine and asked them to drink with him, an invitation they readly accepted for they were already

they readily accepted, for they were already "half-seas over."

"half-seas over."

From these sailors he learned that the Sea Hawk expected to sail in a very days, going on a cruise, they believed, among the islands; but of that they were not certain.

Martin also heard of the chase and sinking of the Curse of the Sea toil over and over again by the seamen, who little knew that their listener could tell them a very different story did he desire, and was at the time thinking that they would soon, perhaps, have that very Rafael the Rover, whom they believed at the bottom of the sea, an officer over them, and proudly treading the quarter-deck of the Sea Hawk; but he wisely held his peace, and having gained all the information he could he bade his new acquaintances good-night and retired to his room, meditating deeply upon some plan to keep Paul

meditating deeply upon some plan to keep Paul Melville from going on board the Sea Hawk.

Determined to find out the views of the lieutenant regarding Captain Rafael, Martin entered his room and found the officer lying at full length upon a divan, smoking a cigar and lost in thought.

might as well handle the gold, and I can arrange

Then we will do it, Martin. Now to your

plan."

"Well, senor, you say you are not going to leave here for a day or two?"

"Yes, I'll remain housed several days, resting, and then go on board the sloop-of-war to which I am ordered."

"Shall I go aboard, senor, to let them know against."

"Shall I go aboard, senor, to let them know you are here? I would like a chance to enlist,

you are here? I would like a chance to enlist, you know."

"You can easily do that. I will see to it; but I will not let my captain know I am here until I go on board. Now to your plan?"

"It is this, senor: I know the pulperia where the chief will put up, and I can go there to-morrow, find out his room, and lay my plans, so that to-morrow night we can go together, with several guards, and capture him."

"The very plan! You are a good plotter, and I will leave it in your hands."

The buccaneer said no more, but rising, bade Paul Melville good-night, and sought his own room, which adjoined that of the young officer.

The following day he was up at an early hour, and was busy until late in the afternoon arranging some plan for the night, and at a late hour sought Paul Melville in his room.

"I am ready, senor; the guards await us at the pulperia, and Captain Rafael is there, wholly unsuspecting. By the time we arrive it will be midnight, so you had better get ready."

"I will be with you in a moment, my fine fellow. Now, here I am," and the two left the house together and sprung into a volante awaiting in front of the door.

After quite a long drive they got out in front of a rude tavern, or pulperia, in one of the lowest, dingiest streets in Havana, and were at once ushered into a door on the side by the pulpero, who met them.

Within the narrow, dark hallway, stood two

pero, who met them.

Within the narrow, dark hallway, stood two men in uniform, and Martin introduced them as

men in uniform, and martin introduced them as the guard.

"We have a Tartar to catch, my men; I hope you are well prepared," said Paul Melville.

"Si, senor; we are ready for any emergency," replied one of the men.
Going along a narrow, dingy hallway, the five men for the mulern accompanied them lead-

men, for the pulpero accompanied them, leading the way, ascended several rickety stairways, and knocked at a low door.

"Come in!" replied a voice within.

"Enter first, senor," said Martin, and Paul Melville raised the latch and crossed the threshold.

It was a pleasant room inside, and neatly furnished, with bed, easy-chair and table, upon which a lamp burned brightly.

At the table sat a man who arose as the party

entered.
"We would see El Capitan Rafael," said Paul

"We would see El Capitan Katael, 'said Faul Melville, failing to recognize a dark-bearded, large man who confronted him.

As quick as a flash of light the man pointed the muzzle of a pistol in the face of Paul Melville, while he hissed forth:

"Senor, you are my prisoner. If you resist I will kill you."

will kill you."
Paul Melville saw that the man was in earnest, and furthermore beheld the pulpero also holding a pistol at his head, while the two guards had Martin in durance vile, and with a bitter impre-

I surrender; what is your intention with us? "I surrender; what is your intention with us?"
"Not to harm you, unless you attempt to escape; but to hold you prisoner until Rafael's carera leaves the harbor. You see the buccaneer captain is merciful," replied the man whom they had found in the room.
"Yes, he is very merciful," and then turning to Martin he said in English:
"We're in a trap. I hope he tells the truth when he says he will release us when the carera sails."

sails."
"I hope so, senor," said Martin in desponding

"I hope so, senor," said Martin in desponding tones.

"Here, no conversation between you. Remove that man to the other room, and place the guard at his door," sternly commanded the one who seemed to be the leader of the party.

"Come, sir," and Martin was dragged from the room and Paul Melville was left alone, after the pulpero had told him he should be furnished with meals and all that he desired to pay for

with meals and all that he desired to pay for.

As the door closed the *pulpero* locked it securely and placed the key in his pocket, after which he ordered one of the guards to take his

with Martin, went into another room near by, when the seaman no longer appeared to be a prisoner, as he turned to his companions and Senors, that was well executed, and I thank

other guard, the leader and pulpero,

you. The *pulpero* will give you the gold agreed upon between us, and your duties as sentinels will only last a few days; buenas noches

comrades."

The guard and his companion at once left the room, leaving the *pulpero* alone with the sea-

"Senor, you remember my instructions—to hold him prisoner until the American vessel-of-'Then to drive him, by night, outside the city

"Bueno! Now here is your gold—one hundred pesos for yourself, and fifty apiece for your three comrades; is this all right, senor?"

"Then I will bid you good-night. When you see Captain Rafael again tell him how one Martin saved his life."
"I will smore." "I will, senor. I owe el capitan much. He has been good to me, and I would serve him without the gold."

without the gold."
"No, you run a risk, and you deserve to be paid for it; but I advise you to disguise the front of your house, if you can, and when you carry the lieutenant out, do so by another door, and do not forget to tell him you know nothing of

"I will, gracias, senor."
With a wave of his hand, Martin left the pul-

with a wave of instand, martin left the pul-peria, muttering to himself:

"Well, I have saved the captain, and saved myself the blood of that traitor on my hands; besides, if we should meet again, he will believe that I had nothing to do with it, and I can that I had nothing to do with it, and I can trump up a good story of how I was carried off for several days to sea; and the best of it is, the money I paid out is what was given me to defray the expenses of the poor fisherman! Ha! ha! Ed Martin, you are a deep schemer; but you must now become an honest man; so here goes for other quarters until I decide upon what my future course will be. Why I may yet return home with honor, and be sent to represent the people in Congress!" and with a chuckle. sent the people in Congress!" and with a chuckle Edward Martin, ex-buccaneer, walked briskly along the deserted street, at peace with himself and the world in general.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 429.)

ONE of his ministers called Victor Emmanuel's attention to the fact that he was distributing decorations rather lavishly. "Ah," said the king, "there are two things that you must never refuse when solicited—bouquets to women and cross s to men." and crosses to men.'

WHEN a girl gets mad and rises from a fellow's knee," says an exchange, "but thinks better of it and goes back again, that's what they call a relapse. And here we have been working for dear life to keep off a relapse under the mpression that it was some way related to cho-

"Speak out, amigo—I owe you my life, and I'll do all I can, you may rest assured."

"Well, sir, you know that Captain Rafael came with us in the carera?"

"Yes, and I've been thinking that it would be a good plan to entrap him. He kidnapped me, you know, and I nearly lost my life by it, so I will see that he is taken and he will be broken on the wheel, or garoted," and Paul Melville's eyes flashed with determined hatred.

"That is just it, senor. There is a big price offered for Rafael's head, dead or alive, and we might as well handle the gold, and I can arrange Did I ever hear tell of the Rosebud fight,
And Custer? Wal, stranger, I reckon you're right.
Old Pandy Ellis—that's this old cuss—
War the only one ever got out of the muss.
Ef ye'll drop on your racket, I'll tell yer the way
Of some things that happened that day;
But I reckon my lingo ain't none of the best,
So you do the 'ritin', and I'll do the rest.

A beautiful day. 'Twas a morning in June;
The sweet whippoorwill sung its plaintive tune.
How little 'twas dreamt that the sun smiling then
Would go down, like a pall, o'er three hundred
brave men!
Far out on the plain, with hearts beating true,
These three hundred brave troopers, in yellow and

These three nundred prave troughts, to blue
Went flying around to encircle the foe,
While Reno was left to do battle below.
Onward they pushed with their yellow-haired chief.
Fighting—their tactics, their councils were brief,
With never one thought for a moment to fail,
While marching along through the deep, winding
vale.
A moment they halt on the battle-famed crest;
The sun is now gliding away to the west;
But little they dream that the valley below
Is studded, like sands of the sea, with the foe,

Is studded, like sands of the sea, with the toe.
Loud sounds the bugle-notes, mellow and clear.
Forward! trot! gallop! the red-skins are near!
Away goes the Seventh to death with a cheer!
Sharp sounds the rifle-crack—
Brave hearts will ne'er come back.
Red flends encompass them—sides, front and rear
Bravely they show their might,
While they drop left and right,
Over the hill and plain,
Charging with might and main—
Yet it was all in vain—
This was their bier!

Custer now led the van,
Fighting them hand to hand.
"Pandy, away!" he said;
"One must escape the lead
While we yet stand!
Tell them we nobly died—
Fighting here side by side—
Flowing a crimson tide;
Tell them 'twas grand!
Tell them, Keogh, Cooke, Yates,
And all of my noble mates—
How we met glorious fates—
Facing the blast!"
Barely he bid good-by
When came a fiendish cry—
Custer was doomed to die!
Strong hearts beat fast.
How the last handful fell,
Fighting as brave men, well,
Scarcely needs me to tell—
Death took the last!

May the deeds of those heroes be never forgot Let their crown be a garland of forget-me-nots Let us sing to their memories sweet anthen

praise,
Who died full of glory, if not full of days.
Dare never a whisper e'er darken their fame,
Without bringing a blush to the traducer's sham
For theirs is a glory that heroes can crave—
A glory that lives as it lies in the grave!

Lost Lulu;

THE PRAIRIE CAVALIER

A Romance of Love and Life in a Frontier Fort.

BY HON. WILLIAM F. CODY, (BUFFALO BILL).

CHAPTER XXXIV.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

A VILLAIN'S DOOM.

FINDING that it was impossible for him to follow the trail at night, even when the moon arose, Captain Graham led his men into a timber motte and went into camp.

But he could not rest; he was most uneasy at the thought that Baron Saville might yet overtake the fugitives and draw from them the truth about their crime.

bout their crime.

about their crime.

With the money furnished him by Ida Vincent, he had bribed the two rufflans to kill Lulu, and they had made a mistake; they had killed the very one who had laid the plot to get a rival out of the way.

"It was devilish awkward in them, and bad for Ida; but I am free of her" muttered the

for Ida; but I am free of her," muttered the captain, and he turned over again upon his blanket, and tried to go to sleep. "A stranger has come into camp, sir—a queer-looking fellow—says he's a friend of yours, and comes from a train camped in the foot-hills."
"Send him here, orderly. Strange we knew nothing at the fort of the arrival of a train,"

and Captain Graham arose to his feet.

It was well for him that the faint firelight failed to show the deadly pallor that came over his face as the man came up.

But, without waiting to be greeted, the fel-

"How d'ye, eapt'in! I'se durned glad ter see yer ag'in. Yer see, I'm guidin' a train inter these parts, an' seein' yer fires I rode over from our camp, an' hearin' as you was in command I made bold to ax to see yer."

The orderly had now cope and pale with

made bold to ax to see yer."

The orderly had now gone, and pale with rage and dread Burt Graham said quickly:

"Fool! why did you come here?"

"I comed to see yerself. Me an' my pard wants a talk with yer afore we makes tracks—we's concluded to change our course, an' we can soon settle it up. so jist come along out o' range

on settle it up, so jist come along out o' range 'ther camp an' we'll talk it over."
"Where is your comrade?"
"Waitin' for us at ther foot-hills yonder.

the one who pursued you?" eagerly asked the

cer.
'Guesses I did; he's passed in."
'What! is he dead?" and a joy was in the

ne.
"You bet! We go right by whar he's lyin'."
"It will look bad, my leaving camp with 'Say you is goin' over ter see friends in ther

And in the morning the men will know that there is no emigrant-train near.

"What do you mean cir"

"Then I'l spout."

"Then I'l spout."

"Then I'l spout."

"What do you mean cir"."

What do you mean, sir?" We'll g'in ourselves up an' say you paid us

"I will go with you; orderly, have my horse saddled; I will ride over to the camp near by to see some friends," Five minutes more and the two men were

iding slowly over the prairie toward the foot-As they got out of sight-range from the cavalry camp a horseman on the prairie caught sight of them and rode back toward the foot-

Up the hillside the rufflan led the way until hey came to the thicket, and here Captain they came to the thicket, and here Captain Graham saw a man whom he at once recognized

as his other hireling in the attempt to murde The Cap has come, pard. Git down, capt'in, an' we'll soon fix matters

Moodily Captain Graham dismounted, and turning found a pistol-muzzle pressing against his temple, while he heard the stern words: "You are a prisoner, Captain Graham! In dismay the officer cried out:

What means this outrage? "It means, Captain Graham, that from these men your villainy is known."

"And who are you, sir?" and the officer look-ed up into the stern face of the man before him, and which he had never seen before that he re-

'I am one, Captain Burt Graham, who knows you as you are—a liar, a gambler, a perjurer and a murderer—one who gained your present rank by the murder of your captain."

man.
"It is the truth. Some days ago I met a man in these hills who attempted to take my life. I was quicker on the draw than he was, and I took his life.

"But he did not die at once; he had time to say how sorry he was for his misdeeds, and told me of yourself—he was once a soldier in your

ompany.
"He told me how you had once befriended him, and though he saw you kill your captain, he kept it a secret, as did also the other witness. This other witness he told me was your wife— whom you had secretly married, believing she as an heiress, and who had married you for a

"Now you see I know you, my gallant cap-nin—ay, know how you swore away the life of ladcliffe the Scout, for killing a man who now

stands by your side."

The officer turned his wild eyes to the right, and there beheld Baron Saville, his arms folded upon his broad breast, his face cold and stern.

"Now, Captain Graham, your career ends within the next ten minutes," continued the

"In God's name, what mean you?"
"I mean that Baron Saville and myself are your judge and jury, and we have decided that Great God, I am not fit to die," almost

shricked the wretched man.
"You are not fit to live; your wicked-hearted wife is dead; it is but right that you shall fol-And I must die, you say?" and the hand

"And I must die, you say?" and the hand dropped like lightning on a pistol-butt.

Yet the grasp of iron upon his wrist kept him from drawing the weapon.

"Baron, take these tools, please: they are dangerous playthings for a desperate man," calmly said the hunter.

"Now, Captain Graham, I show you one mercy."

mercy."
The doomed man glanced up with a look of

The doomed man glanced up with a look or hope, and the hunter continued:
"You are a soldier—and you have been a gallant one notwithstanding your vile life. In consideration of this, you shall be shot, not hung."
The man bowed his head upon his breast, and his whole form quivered with emotion; but, by a mighty effort of self-control, he looked up and

said, calmly:
"If I must die, I am ready; who is to be my

"If I must die, I am ready; who is to be my executioner?"

"These two men—those whom you hired to kill an innocent girl."

The two bordermen started at this; it was a duty they had not expected, and Captain Graham said, quietly:

"It is perhaps best—a just retribution; but tell me—how have I injured you?" and he gazed fixedly into the face of the hunter.

"In a moment, captain, I will let you know who I am. Baron, place those two men yonder by the thicket, please. Captain Graham, you take your stand by this tree.

"Now, men, I wish no bungling; your work must be done well—aim at his heart, and fire when I give you the word."

The hunter led the way to the tree, and Captain Graham groaned forth:

"Oh God! to die this way."

"It is best, sir; you have a mother and sister, I have heard, who dearly love you. Were you tried at the fort for your crimes, your name would go down to the grave in disgrace, and those that love you would mourn you not only dead, but dishonored; now it will be thought that you were led into a trap and killed by an enemy, perhaps by Indians. For your mother's and sister's sake, I keep secret your crimes."

"And on the brink of the grave I thank you; now, men, stand ready—my executioners," and a grim smile flitted across the face of the doomed now, men, stand ready—my executioners," and a grim smile flitted across the face of the doomed

man.

Then he added:

"If I could die in battle, I would be content, but this is horrible; still, I will not shrink from my fate; I am ready, sir."

Struck by the real courage of the man, the hunter said, earnestly:

"Would to God, Captain Graham, you had lived a different life; from my heart I pity you, and that no greater misery may come to you in your dying moments, I withhold from you my name—God have mercy upon you!"

As the hunter spoke he stepped quickly backward several paces, and from his lips came the signal of death.

The doomed man faced his executioners with

The doomed man faced his executioners with bold front; the two rifles cracked together, and Burt Graham fell dead, without a groan.

CHAPTER XXXV. THE UNKNOWN PILOT.
FOR some moments after the death of Burt
Fraham no word was spoken by the four men
who had been actors in the retributive tragedy.

The hunter was the first who spoke, and he "Men, you have obeyed me in all that I have

ordered; now I will keep my word and let you to; but not one word of this night's work must you ever breathe. "Go from here as fast as your horses will "Go from here as last as your horses will carry you; get your blood-money in San Francisco, if you wish, but never again appear upon this frontier, if you value your lives."

"You bet we'll dig out o' this, sir. I'd like to

"You bet we'll dig out o' this, sir. I'd like to be goin' now."

"Go, then, and do not forget that with the morning the troopers will be hot on your trail. There stand your horses; go!"

The two men needed no second bidding, but receiving their arms from the hunter, mounted and dashed away. That spot held a strange dread to them.

"Now heron it is best that you make a circ."

Now, baron, it is best that you make a circuit, and return to camp another way. In the morning you will of course follow on the trail and come upon the dead body of the captain—I and come upon the dead body of the captain—I will stay near it until daylight, to keep the wolves away, and then go into the mountains, make a circuit, and meet you on the prairie as if by accident, and of course no sign will show that we have met before. When I meet you, I will propose something to the officer in command that I think he will agree to. Now we understand each other?"

After some further conversation the two men clasped hands, and mounting his horse, the baron rode away, leaving the hunter standing by the dead body of the man whom his order

Making a wide detour, the baron rode into camp shortly after midnight, and reported that he had trailed the men to the foot-hills; there he had lost sight of them. When told by Lieutenant Bolton of the cap-

tain's absence, he seemed surprised, and urged that the men should be ready to start at the first Anxious about the safety of Captain Graham, eutenant Bolton had the men in the saddle at e first glimmer of light, and the trail was

truck and followed, until, just at sunrise, they ame upon the dead body of the officer, two ullet-wounds in his left side. The discovery created the greatest excitement, nd all felt confident that the man who had en-ered camp the night before had lured the cap-

tain away to his death. "Graham gambled a great deal, you know, and won large sums of money from men who often threatened his life. Doubtless some of them have slain him," explained Lieutenant

"Perhaps; but I would not suggest that idea, on account of his family. Let it be supposed that he was shot by the Indians, or renegades," suggested the baron, quietly.
"You are right, baron; but what is to be

make nothing of the trails here."
"I will take your advice. Poor Graham!" and the young officer gave orders to strap the body on the back of a horse.

Return with the body to the fort. We can

"It is a lie!" almost shrieked the wretched here is his horse-who can have been the mur- old man! He's so unsophisticated! He's never

here is his horse—who can have been the mur-derer?"

"That is what it will be hard to find out,"
quietly responded the nobleman, no look on his face showing that he knew the dread secret that the night had concealed.

In a short while the body of the dead officer was strapped to the saddle, and the horses were turned back toward the fort.

After an hour's ride they saw a horseman on the prairie coming toward them. As he drew nearer, at a sweeping gallop, none seemed to know him; who could he be? Such was the question each asked the other, yet none could answer.

With a military salute the horseman drew ein in front of Lieutenant Bolton, and asked Do I address the commanding officer of this

"You do, sir. By the sad loss of our captain I am in command," and the young officer pointed to the body strapped on the horse, which was led by one of the troopers.

"Ab, he is dead! The work of a renegade or Indian, doubtless?"

"Who did it we do not know; but can I ask

"Who did it we do not know; but can I ask your name? You seem a stranger in these parts."
"Yet I know these prairies well. The fact is, sir, I am an independent scout, and having run a trail, I have been on for some time, to cover, I am now looking for just such a command as you have to make a capture that will do the country much service."

"And that is—"
"The band of renegades known as the Prairie Jayhawkers."

rie Jayhawkers. "What! you know their retreat?"
"Yes, sir, and I can lead you to it. To-night
hey hold a council, and all the gang will be
here—some thirty in number—and we can sur-How know you this?" asked the lieutenant,

with suspicion.

"From having dogged their steps for some time, and because I have felt that I could de-

stroy them at one blow."
"And your motive?"
"To rid the country of the presence of such a band of desperadoes."

The lieutenant was silent a moment. He longed to be the one who would annihilate the Jayhawker band! but the man before him he

what had he to fear with two score troop-No; he would trust the man, and if he de-ived him, or led him into a trap, he should be effirst to suffer.

"What guarantee have I that you will not lead me into a trap?"

"My word only. No, you may bind me, and if I deceive you, why, shoot me down."

"I would trust him, Bolton; he seems honest," said the baron.

"Well, sir, I will trust you! I have with me forty troopers five will, or on to the forty with

Well, sir, I will trust you! I have with me forty troopers, five will go on to the fort with the captain's body, and the rest will accompany me. Sergeant Wells, you will take four men and proceed to Fort Helen and report to Colonel Decatur the circumstances attending Captain Graham's death, and also that I have gone on a scout after Javhawkers. scout after Jayhawkers.

"The two men whom we were sent in pursuit of, you can say, we could not overtake, as they had relays of fresh horses, and they escaped us."

"Yes, sir," and Sergeant Wells departed for the fort, while Lieutenant Bolton, the baron and the troopers followed the strange hunter, who

"Yes, sir," and Sergeant Wells departed for the fort, while Lieutenant Bolton, the baron and the troopers followed the strange hunter, who struck at once for the mountains.

It was a long, hard ride, but the horses stood it well, and shortly after nightfall the strange guide made known that they were near the retreat of the Jayhawkers.

"I have flanked their position, sir, and we can ride into their camps ere they know of our presence," announced the guide.

In half an hour more a number of camp-fires came in sight, and around them were groups of men standing in supposed security.

"Put a line of men here in a semicircle and let the remainder charge—this is the only position that they can escape from, as a high cliff, overhanging a river, is beyond them."

The suggestion of the guide was at once carried out, and the next moment, with a wild cheer, the troopers charged upon the camp.

The fight was short and sanguinary, and ended by the capture of all the Jayhawkers who were not killed, while the loss to the soldiers was slight.

Rejoiced at his success, the lieutenant en-camped upon the field, and the troopers made merry over the spoils found in the Jayhawkers

At an early hour the squadron, with its wounded prisoners and spoils, started upon their return to the fort; but the guide was not with them, for, after the combat, he had disappeared them. nest mysteriously, none knowing whither he nest mysteriously, none knowing whither he rent; but, through his aid the frontier had been do of a wild set of desperadoes, and Lieutenan olton felt that he had won a name for himself

d—promotion.
(To be continued—commenced in No. 426.)

The Journal of a Coquette.

BY GARRY GAINES.

VII. AUNT JANE will be the death of me yet! Not AUNT JANE will be the death of me yet! Not content with lecturing and soolding me herself about my love affairs, she rushes off to pa and gets him into a duck fit for fear I'm guilty of the awful sin of firting whenever I dare to cast lamb's-eyes at a fellow! I don't see why old people always want to deny a girl every little innocent recreation! If aunt Jane wouldn't feel it her duty to tell everything to him, he would never find out anything about my beaux, for he's always busy at his office, and never at home except to eat his meals, and he hasn't time to be bothered with such trivial things, and I consider it real mean of her to try to distract his mind from his business these hard

distract his mind from his business these hard She says it's a miserable way for a parent to She says it's a miserable way for a parent to raise a child—that no man has a right to shirk his duty and throw the entire responsibility on another, and she don't see how people can hope to have their sons and daughters grow up to be respectable members of society, when the half of them are left to the care of ignorant hirelings from their infancy—no wholesome restraints being placed around them in their homes—and turning them over to the Sunday-school, expecting it to do the work of making good men and women of them. I don't think she ought to put pa among that class of persons, for I'm sure he has her here to be a restraint on me, although I can't acknowledge it's either

for I'm sure he has her here to be a restraint on me, although I can't acknowledge it's either "wholesome" or pleasant, especially when she wants me to be prosy, and prim, and give up all my gentlemen friends.

I can't help flirting a little bit—it's just as natural for me as 'tis to breathe, and if she tries till she's bald and 'toothless, she can't make me any different.

It's so delightful to have a half dozen fellows It's so delightful to have a half dozen fellows dangling after you at once—to be sending you invitations to go riding, and to concerts and parties, and wanting to call on you two or three times a week, and be sending you the late magazines and nice bouquets, and telling you how pretty you are, and how wearily the time lags when they don't see you, and bashels more of charming nonsense; and then the girls—it makes them so jealous, and that part is really more delightful than all the rest put together. I was so amused at pa last night when he took me into the back parlor to lecture me after aunt Jane had been making complaints to him. He told me very gravely that a young lady

He told me very gravely that a young lady who endeavored to attract the attention of every gettleman was always disliked by her female acquaintances, and he knew that if I would reflect a moment I would see how very much to be deplored such a thing would be—that of course I would not knowingly nurses a course obdy on the back of a norse.

"Here is his horse, sir; he was feeding yonder in the flat," said a trooper, approaching.

"There is some mystery about this, baron.

The body is not robbed; he is not scalped, and ousy from my girl-friends. The dear, innocent

old man! He's so unsophisticated! He's neverbeen a girl, and he don't know what fun it is to have a lot of girls looking as black as thunder-clouds because their beaux desert them the minute you enter the room, and follow you up, bowing and scraping—one wanting you to promenade, another to engage you for all the waltzes, and all talking to you at once and trying to monopolize you and seeming to forget there is any other girl in the room—while they, poor things, are nearly dying with envy because you are more attractive than they, and stand around in little groups by themselves saying malicious things about you, or else come hanging around where you are, to try to get some of the crumbs of attention that you throw away! It's splendid fun!

nanging around where you are, to try to get some of the crumbs of attention that you throw away! It's splendid fun!

The other night at the party, I know Jennie Foster was mad enough to have throttled me when Dick Scott made some excuse to get away from her and walked right over to where I was and stayed with me all the evening. They say she's half-dead in love with him, and it nearly kills her because he prefers to be with me. I overheard her laughing about the way my overskirt was looped, and saying something to Mary Dean regarding my numerous fascinations, and wondering what they were, and then I thought I'd show her ladyship that her dearly beloved Dicky didn't care anything for her society when I deigned to smile on him, and so I was more than gracious and sweet to him that evening. I expect he wouldn't have felt so complacent and been so patronizing to John Harris and the other fellows if he had known he was indebted to his neglected dulciana for all my tender attentions. I wouldn't act the dunce over a fellow the way she does for all the world.

A spice of coquetry always helps a girl along, no matter what old folks say—it sounds very

low the way she does for all the world.

A spice of coquetry always helps a girl along, no matter what old folks say—it sounds very well in novels and love stories to tell how men prize a woman for being faithful, and constant, and worshiping one lover alone—being willing to give up all for him and never bestow a thought or a look on anybody else; but in real life that plan don't work worth a cent! You've got to make them think that you can't be had for the asking—you must smile on them one day, and the next day set them half crazy by smiling more divinely on some other fellow day, and the next day set them half crazy by— smiling more divinely on some other fellow— give them pretty near but not quite the idea that you like them better than any one else, and then again, let them make themselves miserable by doubting whether you care anything at all for them, and they will prize you all the more, and be lifted to the seventh heaven if they are preferred to a dozen other equally love-struck suitors.

suitors.

Of course I wouldn't be green enough to let Jenny Foster know the modus operandi or she'd be trying it by way of retaliation on D. Snodgrass, Esq., and John Harris, and Dick Scott, and all the fellows whom I claim as mine by right of appropriation. Still, I don't believe she would have the skill to succeed if she were to try, for it takes a pretty smart kind of a girl to be a coquette, no matter what aunt Jane says to the contrary; and then, too, flirts are like to be a coquette, no matter what aunt Jane says to the contrary; and then, too, flirts are like poets—born, not made.

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VERSES AND REVERSES.

BY JOE JOT, JR.

Her tender voice how soft and low,
Its music thrills my ear,
Its accents roll across my soul—
I worship as I hear.
Her eyes from heaven's own blue were
brought
And brightly beam on me,
And when they smile, how they beguile—
How sweet they are to see!
Her face, so tranquil and so calm—
Her soul's bright dwelling-place—
The tender hues of youth suffuse,
There is no sweeter face.
Her brow of noble womanhood
Gleams as no other can,
So smooth, so pure, so all demure,
I reverence as I sean.
Her foot was only made to tread
In soft paths, flower-strewn.
What tender grace its step betrays,
How lightly it comes down.
Her hand, so delicate, soft and fine,
How thrilling to the touch!
If I might some day call it mine!
I love that hand so much.

Same poem, revised, after six months' possession.

Her awful voice, how sharp and loud!
Its rattle fills my ear;
Its thunders roll upon my soul—
I tremble as I hear.
Her eyes from heaven's own blue came not,
They feecely scowl on me!
Away her smiles have wandered miles—
How terrible to see!
Her face, so bitter and disturbed,
Her temper's dwelling-place,
There is no stormier face.
Her brow of angered womanhood
Frowns as no other can,
So wrinkled, sour, when it does lower—
I shudder as I scan.
Her foot was only made to tread
On me, unlucky Brown;
What shrewish ways its stamp betrays—
How heavily it comes down!
Her hand, so spiteful, hard and quick,
How fearful is its touch!
I'm very sure that it is mine—
For she gives it to me much,

Tenting in the North Woods:

The Chase of the Great White Stag.

BY C. D. CLARK, AUTHOR OF "FLYAWAY AFLOAT," "THE DIA-MOND HUNTERS," ETC., ETC.

VI.

UNINVITED GUESTS.—LARRY PROMOTED.—"WILL YOU TAKE 'EM HOT?'

It would be stating it mildly to say that the guide was angry. He was more than angry; he was half-frantic, and the Indian was scarcely less so, although he was not by any means so demonstrative as the other. Yet you could see by the flash of his dark eyes that he meant business, and that it would go hard with Dave Thompson if he should come in his way.

"Perhaps it is just as well" suggested Ar-

"Perhaps it is just as well," suggested Arthur. "We came out here to hunt game, not murderers. And besides, don't you see that it is going to make us trouble if we bother with

is going to make us trouble if we bother with these fellows?"

"I see you don't know this yer gang, Mister Chambers," answered the guide. "Do you think they meant to give us any rest? Why, these are the men who ar' wipin' out the game in the Shadagee; the men that kill a dozen deer in a day fur the sake of their skins, an' leave the meat to rot in the sun in the middle of the summer; the skunks thet net the lakes arter trout, an' take them out'n the woods by the wazinan' take them out'n the woods by the wagin-load; the men thet rob traps an' ain't got vim enough in 'em to set one; and last, the men thet meant to rob this yer camp ef I hadn't lit onto the cuss by accident."

"Such men deserve punishment, I am well

"Desarve it? Yes, an' they're gwine to git their desarts or thur ain't no snakes in the Penn-sylvany mountains. I'm a plain sort of critter, an' I don't advertise to go out'n my depth, but you bet yer bottom dollar I go my length to get even with Dave Thompson an' his gang; you hear

me!"
"Well, Abe, old fellow, I only hope you may succeed; that is all I can say about the matter. As far as I am concerned, I'd like well to see justice done to that fellow; but, at present, I can't see what you can do about it. Let him run, and we will go about our business."

Abe shrugged his shoulders and made no reply, walking sulkily down to the lake to catch some trout for breakfast, for these stirring events had made the time pass rapidly, and

events had made the time pass rapidly, and morning was just breaking. By the time he had caught a mess of trout the Indian had built up a fire and Larry crawled out lazily to cook th breakfast, looking about him in considerable doubt as to whether the bill-fish, which was drying in the sun, could be considered safe. All the tumult of the night before had failed to rouse him, and he listened quietly to the orders of his master to keep a sharp look-out and fire a gun as a signal if any strangers came near the tent. Then, after breakfast, the party took their guns and pushed out from the shore, the canoe dug-

and pushed out from the shore, the cance dugout working very easily.

Larry had promised himself a feast in the
way of a fish chowder for the noontide meal.
He took one of the lake trout, a beauty, weighing nearly twenty pounds, and dressed it
neatly. He had plenty of pork, and added
to the dish some venison which he had on
hand, and laying the meat upon the
top of a stump which had been sawed off
smoothly, he chopped it fine with a couple of
bowie-knives, putting in seasoning to suit his
epicurean taste; and Larry was a good cook.
It was nearly eleven o'clock before his chowder
was fairly in process of cookery, and lighting was fairly in process of cookery, and, lighting his pipe, Larry sat down to watch it, when a man came strolling up the lake in a careless way, and walked into the opening before the tent. The Irishman took up a gun which was set just inside the tent and cocked it, and the man stopped and looked at him. Without the man stopped and looked at him. Without paying any attention to him, Larry raised the gun to his shoulder and fired, and was instantly kicked over on his back, while the man advanced

quickly.

"Don't do that ag'in, greeny," he said.

"You ain't got no call to fool with guns."

"Sure, who are yees that knows me business so well?" demanded Larry. "I does be thinkin' av I want to shoot off me gun I hev a right."

"Don't do it ag'in!" persisted the man." you

"Don't do it ag'in!" persisted the man; "you might hit something, you know. Who keeps

"Mesilf."

"Where are the others?"
"I dunno; they wint away moighty 'arly in the morning." The norning.

The new-comer, who was a rough-looking young man in greasy buck-skin, raised his fingers to his lips and whistled, and Larry rose slowly to his feet.

"Now, acushla," he said, "av I moight give

yees a bit av advice, wud yees listen til me?"
"Oh, let up, greeny! I don't want to fool with

you."
"There's room for yees somewhere else, sur;

go away wid yees."

The man uttered a jeering laugh, but scarcely had it left his lips when he received a whack which made myriads of little stars dance before his eyes, and there was Larry prancing about before him, flourishing in the air a huge stick, which he made whistle through the air with the more and made which only an Irishman ran give

"Oh, come up til me, me bucko!" he yelled.
"Ye thafe uv the wurruld, I'm waitin' fur yees.
Whoop; hooroo!"

fellow sprung back and cocked his rine. Larry paused at once.

"Why, ye spalpeen," he cried. "Is that the way yees fight; wid a gun?"

"I'll bore a hole plum through you if you don't drop that club."

"Look now, darlint!" answered Larry. "I'll t'row down this bit av a stick an' lick yees wid me bare hands av yees put down the gun." gun."
"Drop it, I say; I'm going to shoot if ye

Larry dropped the stick, for he was not above being persuaded. As he did so half a dozen men, with Dave Thompson prominent among them, came into the opening. They were all armed with rifles, and if ever a hard crowd was

banded together this was that crowd. Two of them were half-breeds, with their Indian love of slaughter intensified by the vices of the white man. A third was a burly negro, as untamed and wild as when his sires roamed through the jungles of Ashantee land, and the rest were shepherds all. It is no wonder that Larry began to think that he had fallen into bad company

and wanted to back out.

"Now, whar's them half-hearted skunks that had me in a hitch?" growled Dave Thompson.

"I want to see 'em."

"Maybe weer moight see thim too quick also.

"I want to see 'em."

"May be yees moight see thim too quick, alanah!" retorted Larry, who seemed to improve
in the presence of danger.

"This is their white nigger, Joe," announced
Thompson, addressing the negro. "What do
you think of that?"

"Me tie him up; give him forty on de bare
back," said the negro. "Want to know how de
w'ite folk like to tas'e de hick'ry. Nigger git
flog enough; nebber see white man git de
same."

"Don't be in a hurry," commanded Thompson. "All in good time, Joe; the feller is sassy enough, an' a good lickin' will do him good, I'm thinkin'. Here, you Irisher; dish up some grub

for us."
"D'ye think me a fool? W'u'd I give yees what I cooked for the masther? Sorra a

what I tooked to the taste."

"Now, see hyar, my lad," said Thompson, with an angry scowl; "I dunno what you mean by talkin' back. I want you to dish up that grub, an' be sharp about it, or I'll tie you to a tree and lace you with hick'ry sprouts until the lood runs."

Larry saw how useless it was to contend with
howest out the tin plates which

them, and he brought out the tin plates which formed part of the "kit" of the party, and dished up the savory compound. The party sat down, having first piled their guns near the doorway of the tent. Larry knew how to make a chowder, and the expressions of delight as the ruffians gorged themselves were without limit.

"See yer, you white nigger!" cried Joe, "I gib it up; youse ain't gwine to git licked; youse got to go wid us an' cook fer de party."
"That's so!" answered Thompson. "We've been needin' a chap like him a good while. Gimme some more that stuff; what d'ye call it,

"Chowder."
"Fish in it, ain't there?"
"Yes: fish, and pork, and deer mate."
"They helped themselves again and again, and Larry urged food upon them, casting anxious locks across the lake from time to time. At last a bright look came into his face, and he turned to Thompson.

to Thompson.

"I'll tell yees phat I'll do," he said. "Have yees toime to wait while I make some illegant batther-cakes?"

"How long 'll it take?"

"I dunno; half an hour, mayhap. I've some illegant maple melasses."

"Go ahead! I like you, my boy; you'll do fur us."

Larry did not hurry himself, but in about the time set the griddle was over the fire and the first batch of hot cakes had been passed around. The fellows had never enjoyed such fare, and ate as if they had been starving for a month.

Dave Thompson, especially, seemed to enjoy him-"And I'll tell you what tickles me, boys," he said. "To think thet I'm a-settin' hyar eatin' Abe Stanchfield's grub, an' makin' his white nigger cook for us almost bu'sts me a-laffin'. Yes, I don't keer ef I do take another lot."

vees like thim?"

"Like 'em! 'tain't no name fur it. I love 'em, I adore 'em, an' I ain't a-talkin' in my sleep,

Won't Abe be mad?" "I reckon. I'm going to wait hyar till he comes, boys, an' when he does we'll make it mighty hot for him. More cakes, you skunk;

hurry up."
"Would you like 'em hot?" said a quiet voice at the tent door. "'Cause hyar we ar'. ready to at the tent door. "'Cause hyar we ar'. ready to give 'em to you."

There was a universal yell of surprise and ter-

ror, for there, in the tent door, with their rifles leveled on the party, stood the four returned fishermen; and just at their feet lay the rifles of

They were fairly caught in their own snare. Larry uttered a wild whoop of delight as he flung the hot griddle into Dave Thompson's

(To be continued—commenced in No. 432.)

Big Steve.

BY FRANK DAVES.

It was Saturday night, and the saloons and archouses of Deadwood were filled to over-flowing. Here the big-bearded, red-shirted miners squandered in a few hours the proceeds of many days' toil with pick and spade. Whisky reigned supreme. Everybody was drunk, or rapidly becoming so; and to a novice, the scene was indeed alarming. Several times I instituwas indeed alarming. Several times I instinctively placed my hand on the top of my head to see if my scalp was still there. Occasionally there would be a fight, but there was very little quarreling, for one insulting word was generally the signal for a shot or a stab.

Prominent among the noisy ruffians in the bar-room of the Occidental, was a tall, wild, rough-looking individual, with long hair, huge whiskers, a red shirt and high cow-hide boots. He had not been in the bar-room ten minutes until he had knocked a man down and kicked him into the street, for some fancie, insult Al him into the street, for some fancie l insult. Altogether, he made himself so very prominent, that I asked a friend to enlighten me as to the

that I asked a friend to enlighten me as to the name and occupation of the desperado.

"He is," replied my friend, "a sort of miner, although he does not work much, and they call him Big Steve. That is all the name I know him by. He is a very desperate character, always in trouble with somebody, murderous, revengeful and unpitying. I have seen him shoot a man and laugh at his dying groans; but he is, without a doubt, a very brave man, fearing nothing, and setting but little value on his own life."

before him, flourishing in the air a huge stick, which he made whistle through the air with the ease and grace which only an Irishman can give to the use of a stick.

"Oh, come up til me, me bucko?" he yelled.
"Ye thafe uv the wurruld, I'm waitin' fur yees.
Whoop; hooroo!"

life."

My friend then detailed some of Big Steve's adventures. One time he was driving stage, and was attacked by a band of hostile Indians. There were three passengers on the stage at the time; and they were passing through a very dangerous locality, known as the Devil's Gorge,

Larry was a queer fellow. Nothing of an ordinary nature could trouble him in the least; it was only things which seemed to smack of the supernatural that he feared. As for going back to be supernatural that he feared as for go

Larry was a queer fellow. Nothing of an ordinary nature could trouble him in the least; it was only things which seemed to smack of the supernatural that he feared. As for going back a step before a single man, that was not in his nature, and as the intruder rushed upon him he received another blow which sent him reeling back, with a dark line across his forehead where the stick had alighted.

He uttered a roar like that of an angry bull and dashed in again, holding up his rifte as a guard for his head. But the agile Irish boy seemed to have wings on his feet. He danced here and there, flourishing his stick, and darting in now and then to deal a blow, until, rendered frantic by the injuries which he received, the fellow sprung back and cocked his rifle. Larry paused at once.

"Why, ye spalpeen," he cried. "Is that the word of the foremost savages rode as the foremost savages rode."

"Why, ye spalpeen," he cried. "Is that the lifts, hundreds of feet high, and covered when cliffs, hundreds of feet high, and covered when cliffs, hundreds of feet high, and covered when cliffs, hundreds of feet high, and covered when a bush could possibly find soil enough to sustain it.

When they had reached the middle of this frightful place they were suddenly fired on, and two of the passenger was a boy about ten years old. He was seated on top with Big Steve. Neither of them were hurt. Steve instantly lashed his horses into a dead run; and then handing the reins to the boy he drew his revolvers and prepared for the worst.

On they came with tremendous war-whoops, as fast as their ponies could fly. Steve received a shot in the breast and one in the shoulder; but still he held his fire, for he knew that every shot must tell, for there would be no time to reliance the passenger was a boy about ten years old.

When they had reached the middle of this frightful place they were suddenly fred on, and two of the passenger was a boy about ten years old.

When they had reached the middle of this frightful place they were suddenly fred on,

must tell, for there would be no time to reload.

Suddenly, three of the foremost savages rode abreast, apparently with the intention of shooting the leaders down. Steve raised his two trusty Navies, and in a moment three shots rung out in that lonely gorge, and the three daring red-skins fell to rise no more.

At this moment, the boy was shot through the head, and the lines began slipping from the seat. Steve attempted to seize them with his left hand; but a shot disabled that arm, and in a moment the lines were gone. Steve knew that if he did not recover the lines, the thoroughly frightened horses would upset the coach in a very short time. One thought, and he leaped from the seat to the tongue, seized the lines with his remaining hand, placed them in his teeth, climbed back into his seat again, drew the horses into the center of the trail, laid the lines down and placed his feet on them, picked up his re-

into the center of the trail, laid the lines down and placed his feet on them, picked up his revolver and shot two more of the red-skins who were crowding him too closely.

But, unfortunately, just at this moment both the leaders were killed and the wheelers tumbled over them; the coach upset, and Steve was on the ground, with his left arm broken, and but seven shots remaining in his two revolvers.

He was not conquered, however, and without a thought of surrender, he sprung behind one of the progretate leaders and prepared to sell his

the prostrate leaders, and prepared to sell his ife dearly.

The Indians made one wild charge, and lost two of their number, then retired to prosecute the siege in a more cautious manner. This was the state of affairs when a train of

This was the state of affairs when a train of Government wagons, guarded by a company of regulars, came along and relieved him.

Steve once had a wife, or a woman who passed as such, and they lived in a little cabin down on the Niobrara river. Steve said she was the only person he had ever met whom he feared. He said she talked so much that it unnerved him; and that he did not like to shoot her, as she was so handy about cooking and housekeeping.

she was so handy about cooking and housekeeping.

One evening she was in a worse humor than usual; and Steve, to escape her, wandered into the woods, and true to his wild nature, climbed a tree. He had been in the tree but a short time, when a hungry bear followed him. Steve climbed a little higher, and the bear climbed higher also; Steve climbed into the very top, where the bear could not reach him; and in this manner they passed the night. Just at daylight the bear climbed up as high as he could, and began shaking the limb on which Steve was perched. So vigorously did he shake it, that Steve could retain his hold no longer, and dropped with every prospect of being dashed to pieces on the ground; but fortunately he caught a limb, from whence he hurriedly descended to the ground, and ran for home.

a limb, from whence he hurriedly descended to the ground, and ran for home.

The bear, unwilling to lose his game, descended and gave chase; but Steve was lucky enough to reach the house in safety.

Steve, with his other peculiarities, was a sommambulist, and would frequently leave his house and wander about the neighborhood for hours, unless he was found and wakened. This peculiarity led to his death, and that on the night in which I first saw him.

which I first saw him.

My friend was spinning a long yarn about Steve, and that person in question had just stepped up to the bar and "nominated his poison" —that is, called out the particular drink which he at that moment fancied—when a pale, slender boy about sixteen years of age walked

He darted an eagle glance about the room, and then, walking up to the bar, he accosted

"At your service, my kid," replied that "You were walking in your sleep again last night; and I followed you, and made an impor-

"Well; what is the point to the joke?"
"Here it is," replied the youth, producing aix-shooter and leveling it at Steve's breast." hem up. I stood by you, and my father and prother were among your victims. Now tell me why you murdered them, and then say your ittle speech, if you have one, for this night is

your last."

"Don't crow so loud, my young chicken,"
roared Steve, endeavoring to draw his revolver. The youth uttered one single word of
warning; and as it was unheeded, he fired, and
Big Steve reeled against the bar. Another shot,
and he fell heavily to the floor, and expired
without a groan; merely stretching his huge
limbs as his breath passed away.

The boy, whose name was Dennis Tyler, then
related his story in detail; and a torchlight procession was formed, and the seven corpses were
found at the spot indicated by the boy.

found at the spot indicated by the boy.

All the bodies were recognized, and were known to have had considerable amounts of dust at the time of their disappearance. Big

Steve murdered for gold.

Of course nothing was done with the boy, for we all felt that Big Steve deserved death. He lid not even have one of those mock trials, with which those flourishing Western towns sometimes anywes thomselves.

times amuse themselves. It was afterward discovered that Steve was an escaped convict, from Sing-Sing.

Dennis Tyler is in Deadwood yet; and although not yet arrived at the age of citizenship he has "struck it rich," and assumed the digni-

ties of saloon-keeper.

He is still pointed out as the man who killed Big Steve, and is known as Mr. Tyler; and if he is successful, he will soon be one of the titled dignitaries of the town.

UNCLE Moses' Lesson.—The Memphis Ava-anche says: Uncle Moses is the chief executive danche says: Uncle Moses is the chief executive of a suburban colored Sunday-school. Last Sunday, raising his black face with its snowy fringe, he peered over his ante-bellum "stock" and collar at the little nigs, who were buzzing like bees in a hive just under his nose.

"Ordah! chillen, ordah! Don't yer heah me, chillen? Little Jim Lumpkins, dere, hesh that talkin' like a consterble on 'lection day."

When Jimmie ceased his conversation, the chief executive replied:

chief executive replied:

"I call de detenshun ob the school ter de way youse been a-carryin' on this bressed day. Wotyer been a-doin'? Yer knows! An' the way tongues is a bin carruscatin' is scan

ous."

The black fingere pushed the tall collar back and pushed the black chin forward.

"Now, I puts it to yer, and do you all lissen an' you, too, Lizzie Millens, I ax yer dis question—how menny eyes yer chillens got?"

Chorus—"Two."

"How menny mouves yer got?"

Hanjmously—"One."

Unanimously—"One."
"What does dat mean? It means yer mus'
see twice as much es yer tells. Now, how many yeres yer got?"
Chorus—"Two." An' how menny mouves p'

"Dat means yer mus' hear twice es much es yer talks. Now, 'member dis lesson, an' you, Henry Giles, contribute de papers 'roun' 'fore we jines in prayer."

Sports and Pastimes.

BASE-BALL

BY HENRY CHADWICK. THE COLLEGE CHAMPIONSHIP.

THE contest for supremacy in the College club arena ended June 29th in the noteworthy success of the Harvard University nine, after a struggle unequaled in the annals of the college success of the Harvard University nine, after a struggle unequaled in the annals of the college championship matches, as will be seen by the appended record. The championship season in the College club arena begins in April and ends in July. Up to May 15 Harvard had played fourteen games with professional and amateur opponents, of which they had won eleven, being beaten only by professionals, viz.: once by New Bedford and once by Lowell, they having one tie game with the Manchesters. In these games they had made 149 base-hits to 66, 118 runs to but 31, and were charged with but 68 errors to 162. Of runs earned the figures stood 24 to 12 in their favor. In 1877 the figures for their first fourteen games stood as follows: Base-hits, 128 to 72; runs, 100 to 66. Thus the record of 1878 excelled that of '77. This improvement was the result of the judicious captaincy of Mr. Fred Thayer, and the final triumph of the nine after losing the two first games of the series through the disabling of their famous catcher, Tyng, reflects great credit on Mr. Thayer's management of the team.

of the team.

The first game of the series was played on the Hamilton Park grounds, New Haven, on May 18th, in the presence of over five thousand people, and to the great surprise and delight of the Vale assemblers the "blues" of "old Vale.

| . 1 | Yale assemblage, the blues of old | Tane |
|-----|---------------------------------------|--------|
| 7 | won by the appended score: | |
| | Imake sawoir slitt.W. | |
| 8 | YALE. R.1B.PO.E. HARVARD. R. | |
| | Hutchinson, s.s 1 2 1 1 Thayer, 8d b0 | 1 1 0 |
| | Parker, 3d b 1 1 2 1 Tyng, c 0 | 0 18 1 |
| | Smith, c 0 1 6 2 Lapham, 2d b 0 | 0 8 1 |
| 3 | Ripley, r.f0 0 1 0 Ernst, p0 | 1 0 1 |
| | Downer, 1st b 0 0 11 2 Holden, r. f 0 | 1 1 0 |
| | Walden, 2d b 0 0 8 3 Wright, 1st b 2 | 1 5 0 |
| | Clarke, c. f 1 2 1 0 Howe, c f | 1 1 1 |
| 2 | Brown, l. f 1 0 2 0 Humes, s. s0 | 1 1 1 |
| | Carter, p 0 2 0 3 Alger, l. f 0 | 0 2 1 |
| | | |
| 9 | Totals 4 8 27 11 Totals 3 | 6 27 6 |
| | Yale 1 0 0 0 0 1 1 | 0 1-4 |
| | | 0 0-3 |

Runs earned—Yale, 2; Harvard, 1. Umpire, Mr. umner, of Boston. In this contest Harvard led by 3 to 1 at the close of the fifth inning, but in the next two innings Yale rallied to the tune of two singles, and the close of the eighth inning saw the score a tie and the game in about as interesting a position to the spectators present as it could well be. Now it was that the Harvards sat on the anxious-seat, and for once lost that steadiness and nerve so necessary in such emergencies. By two good hits made by Clark and Carter a run was scored after two men were out, and Harvard went into their ninth inning to get one run to tie and two to win. Against any other college team, and under any other circumstances, this would have been a comparatively easy task; but this time the Harvards went to the bat altogether too anxious to make hits, and, lacking that feeling of confidence in batting, became easy victims of Carter's strategy. Hutch inson striking out, while the next two outs were the result of a fine double-play by Walden and Downer, and then it was that the "Rah, 'rah, 'rah,' of the victorious collegians was heard, blue ribbons were shaken in the air, and the New Haven fair ones present wore smiling countenances as they were driven into town from the Haven fair ones present wore smiling counte-nances as they were driven into town from the

Prior to the second match of the series the Prior to the second match of the series the Harvards won a costly victory from the Manchester professionals, Tyng breaking his thumb in the last inning of that game. The loss of Tyng's services was a damaging blow to the Harvards as the result of the next game proved, Yale winning at Cambridge on May 25th by the following secone:

R. IB.PO.A. E. HARVARD. R. IB.PO.A. 8.80 1 1 4 2 Tayer, 3d b.1 1 0 4 b 1 1 0 3 1 Ernst, p......0 0 0 1 .2 3 7 0 1 Fess 'nd'n, if.1 1 8 0 2 2 3 0 0 Wright, istb.0 0 14 0 2 2 3 1 0 0 Holden, r.f. 0 1 2 2 0 b.0 2 1 0 1 Howe, c ... 1 1 1 3 ... 1 2 1 0 2 Latham, 2d b 1 3 2 ... 2 1 1 0 1 Nunn, s.s...1 0 1 2 ... 1 0 2 0 0 Alger, c.f...0 0 3 1

1 2 2 1 0 1 1 0 3-1

Earned runs—Yale, 6. First base on errors Yale, 2; Harvard, 3. Balls called on Carter, 19. on Ernst, 17. Strikes called—off Carter, 23; o Ernst, 20. Umpire, J. G. Sumner. Time, 2h. 5m. Take away a catcher who works well in harness with his pitcher, and who is a man the latter can rely on for the best of support, and you remove half the strength of the battery. Ernst had in Tyng the very man to aid him in pra tically carrying out all the strategic points his pitching; and no man, howsoever good a catcher, could take his place and do such ser-viceable work for the pitcher at a day's

The Harvards were now placed in the most trying position their team was ever in. To wir they had to defeat Yale in three straight games while Yale had but to get one more game to

ear off the honors.

The third match of the series did not take place until June 24th. In the interim Tyng's hand had got comparatively well, and he pluckily resumed his position, and to that and the splendid support given the pitcher by the field generally was the brilliant victory of June 24th generally was the brilliant victory of June 24th due The score of this important third game was

Harvard. R. 18.Fo.A. E. YALE. R. 18.:
Thayer, 3d b. 2 1 1 3 0 Hu'hins'n, s. s. 2 2
Tyng, c ... 0 0 12 4 1 Parker, 3d b. 0 3
Latbam, 2d b. 0 2 5 1 1 Smith, c... 1 2
Ernst, p 0 1 0 7 1 Ripley, r. f. . 0 0
Holden, l. f 0 0 1 0 0 Downer, 1b 0 1 1
Wright, 1stb 3 2 6 0 0 Walden, 2d b 0 0
Wright, 1stb 3 2 1 0 0 Carter, p. . 0
Howe, c. f. . 2 1 0 0 0 Carter, p. . 0
Nunn, s. s. . 2 0 1 1 0 Lamb, c. f. . 0

Totals... 11 8 27 16 3 Totals.... 3 8 27 17 10 Harvard0 0 0 0 8 0 4 0 4—11 Earned runs—Harvard, 2; Yale, 2. Two-base hits—Hutchinson, Parker. First base on errors—Harvard, 8; Yale, 1. Balls called—on Ernst, 19; on Carter, 20. Strikes called—off Ernst, 40; off Carter, 80. Double plays—Nunn and Wright. Umpire, Mr. Hiller. Time of game, 2:10.

The Rubicon was passed on this occasion and the result of the fourth game was not a surprise to any one. It was played on June 26th on the Boston club grounds, and resulted as fol-

HARVARD. R.B. PO. A. E. YALE. R hayer, 8b. 2 1 1 1 0 Hu'hins'n,s,s1 lyng, c . . . 2 1 5 2 2 Parker, 8b. . 0 yng, c Latinam, MD. 1 2 6 3 0 Smith, C...

Ernst, p. 1 1 0 2 1 lyes, c...

Holden, c.f. 0 0 3 0 0 Ripley, r. f.

Wright, bl. 0 1 11 0 0 Downer, bl.

Winsor, r.f. 0 0 2 0 0 Walden, 2b

Howe, l.f. 2 2 2 0 0 Brown, l.f.

Nunn, s. s. 1 1 0 4 0 Carrier, p.

Totals 9 9 27 12 3 Totals 9 9 27 12 8 Totals ... 2 8 27 12 10 Earned runs—Harvard, 3. Two-base hits—Ernst, 1. First base on balls—Ernst, Brown. First base on errors—Harvard, 4; Yale, 1. Struck out—Holden, Howe, Parker, Smith, Bipley (2). Balls called—on Ernst, 12; on Carter, 15. Strikes called—off Ernst, 13; off Carter, 10. Passed balls—Tyng, 2; Smith, 2. Wild pitches—Ernst, 1; Carter, 1. Time of game—2h. Umpire—J. G. Sumner of Boston.

The final game resulted in the signal defeat of the Yale nine, the game being played at Hart-ford on June 29th, the score being as follows:

Harvard......1 4 0 2 4 2 0 0 8—16 Yale......0 0 0 0 2 0 0 0 1—3 Errors—Harvard, 10; Yale, 4. Earned runs—Harvard, 5; Yale, 0. Umpire—J. G. Somers, Boston.

The record of the games played by the two nines this season is as follows:

HARVARD CLUB GAMES.

| 8 | | | | V | ICTORIES, |
|----|--------------|-----|---------|-----|------------------------------|
| 1 | March | 80, | Harvard | VS. | Beacon, at Cambridge 7-5 |
| - | April | 11, | 66 | VS. | Live Oak, at Lynn14-1 |
| ı | - 64 | 18, | 66 | VS. | New Bedford, at New |
| | | , | | | 14-4 |
| 5 | 64 | 15 | | | Live Oak, at Boston 3-1 |
|) | 66 | 18, | | | New Bedford, at Boston. 9-2 |
|) | 61 | 20, | | | Trinity, at Hartford 22-1 |
| | May | 3, | 66 | | Beacon, at Cambridge 17-3 |
| | 66" | 4, | 66 | | Wesleyan, at Cambridge 8-1 |
| 2 | 6.6 | 10, | 66 | | Princeton, at Princeton, 8-0 |
| 2 | 65 | 11, | | | Princeton, at Princeton. 3—1 |
| 5 | - 66 | 15, | | | |
| 3 | 45 | | | | Brown, at Cambridge 7-1 |
| | 66 | 21, | | | Pittsfield, at Boston . 8-1 |
| | and the same | 23, | | | Manchester, at Boston. 2-0 |
| 1 | June | 8, | | | Princeton, at Boston 10-2 |
| à. | -65 | 4, | | | Princeton, at Boston 8-0 |
| - | 1000000 | 7, | | | Brown, at Providence 6-2 |
| | 66 | 12, | | | Amherst, at Cambridge. 8-1 |
| ı | 54 | 24, | | | Yale, at New Haven11-3 |
| | 66 | 26, | | VS. | Yale, at Boston 9-2 |
| 2 | 66 | 27, | 4.6 | VS. | Amherst, at Amherst 2-0 |
| | | | | | |

vs. Yale, at Hartford..... 16-3 DEFEATS. April 16, New Bedford vs. Harvard, at Fall May 7, Manchester, vs. Harvard, at Man-

DRAWN GAMES. April 25, Harvard vs. Manohester, at Boston. 8—8
Total victories with College nines. 13
defeats by College nines. 2
victories with professional nines. 6
defeats by professional nines. 4 defeats by professional nines. victories with amateur nines. victories.....

YALE CLUB GAMES.

VICTORIES. April 17, Yale vs. Trinity, at Hartford...... 27, " vs. Wesleyan, at New Haven (6

DEFEATS. 8, Yale Freshman vs. Yale, at N. Haven10—5
19, Providence vs. Yale, at New Haven... 4—0
28, Live Oak vs. Yale, at Lynn 7—0
15, Princeton vs. Yale, at Princeton ... 5—4
19, Hartford vs. Yale, at Hartford ... 4—3
24, Harvard vs. Yale, at New Haven ... 11—3
26, "vs. Yale, at Boston ... 9—2
29, "vs. Yale, at Hartford ... 16—3
College victories ...

The two nines will not play again on the field intil the fall.

Beat Time's Notes.

A BROKEN meal: feeding a dog pounded glass. Good prints: a prince who advocates good rince-iples. Youth goes to school to show skill and improve its skull.

A SWEEPING assertion: "I'll broomstick you MISFORTUNES never come single, but they roll

LAUGHTER is the daylight of the soul: let it Money makes the mare go, but then again,

THE man who went away in a freak is said to ave done it freak-went-ly THE fellow who runs a bus does a good busless, and is in no danger of bus-ting

It is too often the case that when a widow is weeds her husband is in weeds, also Before Jones and his wife were married they were only two; now they are ten—1 and 0.

WE read in a late story that "she sat on a stool with three feet pensively meditating. A SOLITARY birdlet inclosed in the digits is ten times worse off than a couple in the bush.

A LEGAL gentleman was the great founder of the science of medicine—old Esq-Lapius. I OBJECT to the present styles of ladies' cos-umes from the evident fact that they cost-um-

"On," said Biddie, hard at work on a hot ironing board, "Ialmost wish this was a cooling board." WHEN a woman draws down her vail to hide

her weeping, she may be said to be in the vail of tears. At school I received a classic education. I was thoroughly class-sick all the time from an

early period. Why do young ladies, when they are braiding down a dress, get out of patience and do so much up-braiding?

FREQUENTLY when a young man first meets a girl he gets smitten, and the next time he meets her he gets mitten, too.

A PAIL of milk is all right, but the article which our milkman delivers is very pale of milk, and is all wrong.

Jones, who married a miss for her fortune, found out afterwards that it was a misfortune vithout any separation.

to address her; after marriage he does not de-light to 'dress her so much. A GOOD cook should avoid combing her hair over the hash as often as is possible. If she don't, she should be convicted of hairisy.

Norming can excel the satisfaction which we feel when we find a frailty in our neighbor which we haven't got, no matter what others

THE average book agent carries along with him a duplex phonograph loaded to the muzzle with a lightning crank; it saves a mint of breath, and in half an hour will talk a man blind. It goes too fast to catch anything it says, but the amount of talk is quite sufficient for ordinary purposes.